













STIRRING TIMES  
UNDER CANVAS.

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ELEPHANTS CROSSING THE RIVER.

# STIRRING TIMES

## UNDER CANVAS.

BY

L. S. A. HERFORD,

LATE CAPTAIN 90TH LIGHT INFANTRY



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## PREFACE.

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SINCE the complete suppression of the Mutinies in India, since the calamitous famine which devastated that land—the opening out of the country, the developement of its resources, and the turning of a stream of emigration and capital thither—it is customary to draw a veil over its past history, to discredit what took place a few years ago, and to paint the country and its inhabitants in glowing colours. The author therefore, in now offering his impressions of the East, feels that his notes, taken amid the horrors of a war which affected almost every English home, may be considered as an unnecessary revival of what is painful. Still, as little is really known of the wonderful country lying to the north of the Ganges—however much opinions may differ respecting its crafty people,—these sketches,



penned by one of those who encamped under its 'topes,' and made forced marches into the very heart of the land, may not prove quite uninteresting to the reader, who would desire further to learn why Oude is so often, and so justly, called the 'Garden of India.'

GENOA,  
*July 26, 1862.*

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## INTRODUCTION.

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IN the beginning of February 1857, H.M. 90th Light Infantry was sent to Portsmouth to pass a few months before proceeding to India, in comfortable quarters, and to enjoy a little relaxation, after having spent all the time since it had landed from the Crimea, in that 'detestable hole,' Aldershott! The regiment had only been a few days at Portsmouth, however, when down came orders for it to prepare for going to India at the end of a week. Officers and men on leave were recalled; kits had to be ordered, letters to be written, and bills to be paid, and anxious parents hurried down to take another look at their 'hopefuls.' Again a reprieve of another week was allowed, and then we were informed that Government had changed its mind. We

were not to depart till June, the usual period for the setting out of Indian reliefs, so that the troops might land in the cool season. It was thought by some people—*we* thought so—that as it was known we were to take up the tour of service abroad after campaigning in the Crimea, we might have had our short stay at home made a little more agreeable. But this was not the moment for complaining—we were to be three clear months in barracks; was not the news too good to be true? It proved so, indeed. Those who had been recalled from leave were once more allowed to depart, and others, like myself, applied for and obtained leave of absence.

At the end of three weeks I was returning, and found myself at the London Bridge Station, when some one put a hand on my shoulder, saying, ‘Well, old fellow, so you are off to China?’

‘The devil we are!’ Yes; my informant was correct: we were ordered to form part of the Chinese expedition; 700 men to go in the Himalaya and 300 in the Transit—two ships which had been bought into the Navy, and were officered and manned like men-of-war.

At the commencement of April, therefore, the three companies, in one of which I was a 'Sub.,' embarked on board the Transit; with a detachment also of the 59th proceeding to Hong Kong, and two hundred of the Medical Staff Corps, a body just organised for furnishing military hospitals with attendants, which, as I was senior subaltern, was placed under my charge.

The Transit had always been an unfortunate ship. Bought, if not literally on the stocks, yet in an unfinished state from a private company, she was completed by the Royal Navy authorities, by which ingenious plan, whenever anything afterwards went wrong, the original builders and the finishers were able to shift the blame on to each other. She was continually breaking down on her various voyages to and from the Crimea with troops. Those who were so unfortunate as to be embarked in her knew well that something amiss was certain to happen in the course of the voyage. Yet the authorities had still a firm belief in her merits; so, putting a new pair of engines in her, they determined to send troops in her a short way — only to China! The new engines were smaller but more powerful than the

last had been, and, to steady the ship and keep her together, two large iron beams, running fore and aft, were added. To these beams we probably, at a later period, owed our lives.

Troops, some guns for the gun-boats going out, stores, live shells, and a quantity of extra powder having been all shipped, we started, Commander Chambers as Captain of the ship, and the whole of the troops being under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Stephenson, who, having been appointed as Assistant Adjutant-General to the Chinese Expedition, was proceeding with us to Hong Kong.

We had been wished *bon voyage* at Spithead, and were running for the Needles, when a dense fog came on; the Captain dared not proceed, so we anchored off the Solent. The next day we got up our anchor, and, to our astonishment, found the ship letting in water very fast! We turned round, put on all steam, and made for Spithead, showing the signal of distress (the ensign with 'union' downwards), for we were sinking! Discharging powder &c., at Spithead, according to rule, could not be thought of; we therefore ran into Portsmouth Harbour and went alongside a hulk. Not too soon were

the troops turned over to the hulk, and the Transit hauled off to the dockyard — she almost sank before she could be lashed alongside it. By dint of pumping, night and day, the leak was got over, and the vessel put into dock. A hole was found in the bottom, caused, as was suspected, by the ship having settled on her anchor at low water, we having anchored in a tide-way.

In three or four days, all being ready, and we on board once more, the Transit again put to sea, only to encounter fresh troubles. At the mouth of the Channel, a severe storm arose, and the ship was roughly tossed about. Soon the fore and mainmasts began to sway about most alarmingly from side to side; whether they would go overboard, and at what moment, was the universal topic of discussion. Happily the storm abated, and we retained our masts. We learnt afterwards that men had been stationed with axes ready to cut away the wreck, should the accident have occurred.

Instead of having been rigged by the ship's company, this work had been done by the riggers of the dockyard, in such a careless manner that the rigging was quite loose. The Captain had now, therefore, to



run into Corunna to set up his rigging. In this beautiful enclosed harbour, quite like an inland lake in appearance, surrounded by hills clothed in the brightest green, the sun so hot that we seemed to have jumped at once into summer, we had a little time to look about us. Before us lay the town, a collection of low-built houses; and, on our right, rose the castle, a picturesque, square-towered structure, with long, rambling, ivy-covered walls. It was Sunday: priests, in their long robes and three-cornered hats; fishermen, in their red sashes; country women, with long plaited hair and gaudy kerchiefs as their head-gear, dressed in close-fitting bodices, and skirts of various colours, trimmed with bands of velvet; ladies, fan in hand, in graceful black lace veils, pinned on and drooping from the head, bridal-fashion; children, well dressed, but evidently stiffly buckled up in stays; soldiers, in uniforms of the brightest colours, and breasts so be-ordered and be-medalled as to give the impression that they had fought in all the battles of the world — all these gave animation and refreshing variety to the scene before us. We had time to pluck some sprigs of myrtle from Sir John Moore's grave, and visit the famous

heights, when the ship was ready, and we sailed away.

May-day found us at St. Vincent's, one of the Cape de Verde Islands. Here, just before we were starting, the Himalaya, which had sailed from Portsmouth a few days after we had left, came in. On May 28th we anchored in St. James's Bay, and hitherto we had had no farther mishap. However, just before leaving the Cape, we found a leak near the stern-post. The Port-Admiral had a diver sent down to see what was the matter, but nothing could be done; so we again sailed. We ran along due east, until within a few days' sail of Australia, when we turned our course upwards towards the north. Now we experienced rough weather, and very shortly afterwards found ourselves caught in a cyclone, that most dreaded of hurricanes. The main-yard snapped in two, and every sail was torn to ribbons. The ship strained and groaned like a chained giant in agony. Soon we began to notice the long faces of some of the ship's officers. It turned out that there was a rent, twenty-four feet long, in the ship's side, and that the water was rushing in! The heads of some of the rivets had come off; one might have passed half a

crown through the opening easily. Five hundred tons of water were pumped out in one day! Meanwhile the leak in the stern-port had kept the donkey-engine at work since the day we left the Cape. It became now a matter of speculation how long the ship would hold out,—another day of the gale in its force would do for us. Providentially, the storm abated—we were able to keep the leak under—and onwards we went, passed through the Straits of Sunda and were rapidly shortening the distance to Singapore, when —

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE WRECK.'

'STOP HER!' shouted the officer of the watch through the tube leading into the engine-room; but the recommendation was somewhat superfluous — the poor crazy old *Transit* had stopped already.

This was on July 10, 1857, at ten o'clock in the morning, as we were passing through the straits of Banca. The island of Banca lay on our right, and Sumatra on our left. The day being lovely, and the sea as smooth as a mill-pond, everybody was on deck admiring the beauties of the land to our right, and wishing it were possible to explore its

verdant woods and mountains, when suddenly the sound of thump, thump, thump, struck our ears, as if the old ship were trying to leap over some obstacle, and then c-r-rash! We had struck upon what naval men fear so much—a coral reef!

With about 800 men on board, it was astonishing how little confusion ensued, thanks to the admirable presence of mind of Major Barnston, the officer commanding our detachment.\* He happened to be quietly writing in his cabin, ignorant at first of what had really occurred, though guessing what might be the case. The majority of troops were on the main deck, at the mess-tables. On feeling the first shock they naturally rose *en masse*, and were about to rush on deck, thereby creating considerable confusion, when the major appeared before them, and lifting his hand, said, in his usual undisturbed voice, 'It's all right, men: stay where you are!' These few words, coming from an officer who inspired confidence and was generally beloved, acted like magic.

\* The troops on board consisted of three Companies of the 90th, a draft of the 59th, proceeding to Hong Kong, and 200 of the Medical Staff Corps, for the Military Hospitals of the Expedition. Lieut.-Colonel Stephenson, who was going out to be Assistant Adjutant-General on the Staff, as senior in rank, took command of the whole.

The men, like so many children, obeyed and sat down. Only with well-disciplined troops could such a result have been obtained; had we had as many emigrants on board it is probable we should all have been lost.

Meanwhile, boats had been got out to take soundings. 'Eleven fathoms a-head; nine on each side, and nine astern.'

The ship now began gradually to sink down to starboard and down at the stern: if she had slipped off, she must immediately have gone to the bottom. The engineer, dripping wet up to his armpits, came on deck: the engine-room was full of water, which was rushing in through two holes each large enough to admit a man's body.

It was an anxious moment, but we had all our work to do. Some of us were sent down to remain with our men, in order to keep them quiet, while others superintended the bringing up of provisions, and securing as much fresh water as possible. The boats were hoisted out, and the baggage brought on deck; the water soon filled the mess-room, and came over the stern of the poop. Between us and land, about a mile and a half distant, was a long low reef: and on this it was determined to disembark the troops first, that we might get clear of the ship with all good

speed, as, indeed, no one among us could say at what moment she might not go down altogether! The men behaved admirably—as quietly and as orderly as if on parade, and the boats were quickly filled, and went to and fro from the reef, until all the troops were landed, those under my care and myself being the last party which left for the reef, with the exception of the officers in command.

It was only when all the troops had been placed in safety that the crew were thought of; then they, with the necessary provisions, were sent to the mainland, about two miles beyond the reef. Thus not a soul was lost! It is but justice to add, that much was due to the excellent arrangements made by the captain, who, from the moment of the catastrophe, displayed great coolness and presence of mind.

It is difficult to describe the seaweed-covered rock, rising out of the sea, upon which knots of shipwrecked soldiers and officers stood anxiously looking at the wreck, and felt thankful to escape from the sinking ship. The reef consisted of two peaks, rising from a long lozenge-shaped surface, which, on our first landing, extended a little above the water's edge. But as 'time and tide wait for no man,' we were soon threatened to be overtaken by the latter.

Higher and higher it mounted, until the summit of

the peaks alone remained above water, and became two islands. On board the ship, we had all had to work hard, and had come off in something less than demi-toilette. Exposed to a tropical sun, in the middle of the day, allowed barely a mouthful of fresh water, not knowing whether we could easily procure more on shore, how long the hours seemed before the return of the boats from the mainland! We had had space enough and to spare, on first reaching the reef, but were now becoming closely packed, and felt not quite comfortable at the idea of being left a prey to sharks in that eastern sea, if, by chance, the boats were not to return in time to relieve us from our position. Five hours were passed by some of us on the reef, under the burning sun; and only those who have been in a similar plight can understand our joy on finding ourselves again on terra firma, on the island of Banca.

When we reached the shore at last, we found that the men who had arrived before us had lighted large fires. Good news they had in store for us: a stream of delicious water had been discovered running close to our encampment. Night had come on, and therefore I could not tell in what kind of place we were; but my servant, who had landed before me, had made me a sort of bower out of rushes and branches



for me to sleep in. As he was leading me to this 'retreat' he unbuttoned his coat, and, with great glee, said, 'I saved your watch, sir—here it is.' This wonderful watch, proved to be my aneroid barometer!

After thoroughly enjoying a biscuit and some fresh water, I returned in the cutter, with the second master, to the wreck. What a scene of confusion everywhere! The bows of the ship were well out of the water, which covered the poop, and washed up to the funnel. She creaked and groaned, and the decks and ship's sides were rending across half way between funnel and foremast. It was predicted that she would part in two before morning. I waded about up to my waist among cordage, portmanteaus, signal-flags, timber, and biscuits; as for the hencoops, I had observed them floating away with their occupants some time before. Something soft and clammy kept knocking against my legs, making my flesh creep; it proved to be my own large sponge, which had travelled up from my cabin to meet me!

It was quite dark when we returned to shore, and our only light came from the huge fires, flaring to the sky, and showing us the position of our comrades. Not a man among us, even of the most thoughtless, I believe, forgot that night, as he lay

down to sleep, to utter some kind of prayer of gratitude to the Merciful Power who had thus brought us safely out of the perils of a day in which death seemed so imminent.

When I awoke next morning, I found we were on a white sandy beach, nearly surrounded by thick woods, while just before us, with her bows out of the water, lay the old *Transit*, destined never to float again! We began to make repeated visits to the wreck for the sake of securing all we could find in the way of provisions, stores and clothes. The most useless things were those most easily procured; for instance; a magnificent, gaudy-flowered dressing-gown was brought by a sailor to his master as a great prize; then a chest of drawers belonging to me was washed on shore. This was hailed with great glee, and eagerly broken open. It revealed a case of eau-de-Cologne, a packet of visiting cards, and some pairs of white kid gloves. What could be more inappropriate to our position at that moment? Everything else in the chest was spoilt and useless. On first leaving the ship, it was ordered that no bundles or packages of any kind should be allowed into the boats—life was the great thing to save. The men of course carried their arms, and if anybody, officer or man, attempted in spite of the prohibition to

smuggle anything overboard, it was laid hold of and thrown back into the ship, or given to the waves by its mortified owner—space being an important requisite at the time. An old influential ‘P.M.O.’ Dr. —, had put a nice little collection of things into a small bundle, which he passed very cleverly, as he thought, into a boat, without having been observed by the officer on the gangway,—

‘What shall I do with this, sir?’ asked the coxswain, holding it up.

‘What is it?’

‘A bundle of the doctor’s.’

‘Send it up,’ was the reply; and up it went again into the ship, and the provident ‘P.M.O.’ rowed away without his bundle. Well, a little later, I spied a small corded case going over the side of the ship.

‘What’s this?’ I asked.

‘Medical comforts, sir’—that is, things for the sick, such as port wine, sago, &c. I peeped in; besides the ‘medical comforts’ were two or three flannel shirts, socks, and the like, belonging to our shrewd assistant-surgeon, Y——. I slipped in my own journal under the lid, and of course ‘medical comforts’ went on shore unquestioned. By-the-by, that same journal met with more than one adventure: it escaped a watery grave, to be destroyed by fire not many

months later at Cawnpore, where I had left it for greater safety, with the new 'kit' which I had procured in Calcutta when we were ordered to Alumbagh. Everything at Cawnpore was burnt by the rebels, and thus I once more lost all I possessed.

But to return to Banca. Curiously enough, we had encamp'd about the point where the British had landed in the old war of 1811, and among the trees and brushwood we even found the remains of ditches and embankments thrown up at that time. The island is under the 'protection' of the Dutch, whose settlement is at Minto, about eight miles off from our place of landing, and both Dutch and Malays, on hearing of our misfortune, paid us visits. The 'Meinheers' behaved very civilly to us, guarding the wreck from the lawless practices of the natives with one gun-boat, and sending another to convey the intelligence of our disaster to our people at Singapore. A native prince also made us a 'morning call;' he came in state, in flowing robes, and sheltered by an enormous red umbrella, borne by his attendants, and followed by a somewhat disorderly rabble. From them we procured pine-apples, yams, bread, eggs, poultry, &c., for all of which of course they made us pay dearly. However, with these things and salt provisions, we managed to live very

comfortably under the shelter of the awnings made by the crew, who had spread out the sails of the old Transit between the trees.

• We remained on the island ten days, and, by keeping our men constantly employed, escaped all sickness and discontent.

As for myself, I found plenty of occupation and amusement in exploring the island. It was very beautiful. Here Nature may be seen in her most gorgeous dress, with forests of banyans, gutta-percha trees, and rosewood; set off by bright-coloured evergreen shrubs; by festoons of brown and green parasitical plants, hanging from every bough, imparting variety and pleasing effect to the whole. Monkeys, innumerable curious insects, parrots, parroquets, and bright-plumaged birds of all kinds, give animation to the woods. The sea is alive with sharks and water-snakes, while natives in their light canoes skim rapidly over the surface of the water.

• Then we visited some of the native villages in the interior. The cottages or huts of the natives are all built on one plan: they are composed of matted grass, and are erected on wooden frames, which are raised about three feet from the ground. On being invited by a native to enter his dwelling, we reached

it by means of a low ladder, and found it particularly clean, freedom from damp and thorough ventilation evidently having been the chief consideration with its builders. Among the first things to attract our attention were their *crieses*, or daggers, not unlike midshipmen's dirks, but double-edged, with waved blades. Then our curiosity was excited by their musical instruments—the tom-tom, like a barrel-shaped drum about a foot and a-half long, a sort of banjo, and a rude kind of clarionet, giving out most dolorous shrieks. We were favoured, too, with a concert, more curious than pleasing, as all the instruments were played together at the same time, while the men chanted; no women were to be seen or heard. To do the musicians justice, I must own they kept good time, and at any rate did their best to satisfy their audience. With these little excursions, some of the long hours of our detention at Banca passed away agreeably, when on the 18th much excitement was created by the arrival of H.M. gun-boat Dove from Singaporé. She brought us word, not only that in a few days we should be taken off, but much more important news—intelligence in fact that at first we could not believe! This was of the Sepoy Mutiny, and that the 90th, my regiment, was ordered to India as fast as possible,

instead of going to China—one portion of it, in the Himalaya, had already been sent on. Accordingly, not many days later, H.M.S. Actæon arrived, and we (the 90th) embarked first, not, however, before the top of my chest of drawers, of kid-glove and eau-de-Cologne memory, had been hung upon a tree, and had been promoted to the honour of commemorating, by means of an inscription carved on its surface, the wreck of the Transit, and our ten days' sojourn on the hospitable island of Banca.

## CHAPTER II.

## SINGAPORE.

HER Majesty's ship *Actæon* was a clean smart vessel of about twenty-four guns, presenting a great contrast to the old *Transit*, which had very little of the man-of-war about her. She had come out on surveying service, and was bound for the coast of Japan and its neighbourhood. Whatever the shortcomings of the Admiralty may be, their surveying expeditions are admirably organised. In this instance, the captain of the *Actæon*, Captain Bates, was a man of well-known scientific attainments, who, unfortunately for the service, was afterwards killed at the siege of Canton. At the time of which I write, the *Actæon* was under the immediate command of Lieutenant Purvis, whose talent as an excellent seaman, shown in the way he handled his ship, was evident even among nautical men.



Here too, geology, conchology, botany, in short every branch of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, found an advocate and an interpreter. The doctor, Adams, was the naturalist *par excellence*; two brothers, named Kerr, respectively filled the posts of surveying-master and sailing-master, and were remarkable as hydrographers and meteorologists.

Mr. Blakeney, the assistant paymaster, drew beautifully; nothing could be more exact and delicate than his charts and drawings; the zoological chart of the voyage, drawn up by Adams and himself, well repaid the most minute inspection.

The assistant-surgeon was a good comparative anatomist, and photography found its devoted disciple in the naval instructor. Take them altogether, they were a set of men admirably chosen for their department, and with whom, on account of their social as well as intellectual qualities, a long cruise might have been taken without one hour of dullness being experienced. Four of these officers and one of the second masters had been together in the Pandora, surveying the coast of New Zealand, and with them I had many interesting conversations on the subject of emigration. They described the islands as extremely healthy and fertile, suited in every way to the man, who having a little money,

but who, being unable to live in England, is willing to put his hand to the plough.\*

\* Of course the late disturbances in New Zealand have modified previously existing arrangements out there, but I think it will not be uninteresting to some of my readers if I quote from a letter which I received from one of the officers of the Actæon some time after I had left it. It must be borne in mind that he is alluding to a class of men who are numerous in England, and cannot there find an opening—those of some position and education, who barely possess a competence; not to capitalists or mere day labourers. He says, ‘I find it rather a difficult matter to commit my ideas of emigration to paper, knowing as I do what disappointments many who are lured to leave their homes for a new world are doomed to from trusting to the pictures given to them in the public prints, in letters from friends, &c. The emigrant having determined to settle, should be prepared to support himself for a year after his arrival, and not be precipitate in determining on the selection of the land he intends to purchase; at the same time remembering, that in a new colony every day enhances the value of land. As a rule, it used to be said in New Zealand, that the produce of the first crop covered all expenses, and the second the purchase-money; but calculations like these are of course affected by time. In selecting land, remember above all wood, water, and roads; and that the best road is the water. With regard to capital and expenses, I feel diffident in offering an opinion; but still, as you ask, I will venture to give you my views, premising that I certainly think it possible to marry on less than 300*l.* a year, although it is not fashionable. Well, I say a fair sum to start on is 800*l.* clear of the first year’s expenses, passage out, personal outfit and furniture. With regard to outfit, remember that you are not to remove yourself from all civilisation, therefore it should be such as you would deem best, in an out-of-the-way farm in England; and furniture

The time of our voyage in such company passed quickly and pleasantly by, and it was with much regret that I left the *Actæon*, which we did on reaching Singapore, on July 23rd.

We landed, and were immediately sent up to barracks, if one may so call the large roomy huts, constructed of grass and poles and run up in five days, which were three miles out of the town. Here, again, we heard, what had to us seemed so incredible at Banca, of the fearful atrocities committed by the Sepoys in Bengal. They had risen simultaneously everywhere against their officers, killing and torturing them and their families; civilians, also women and children, had been barbarously murdered. Of course there was some exaggeration as to the circumstances in these reports, but we afterwards found that, fiendish as they seemed, the tales of the atrocities were only too true. It was with feelings of horror and indignation that we heard this news, and with a certain amount of grim satisfaction, when we, who fortunately at this time were so close to the scene of action, found ourselves,

to suit your own taste. Remembering, again, that you may hope for a little society — in all preparations be as much up to the modern improvements as you can, without sacrificing the substantial.'

through the disinterestedness and promptitude of \*Lord Elgin, at once sent on to India to punish and to save.

Singapore is full of interest to the traveller. From its position, situated at the confluence of the streams of commerce flowing from China, Japan, and the Spice Islands, it is a great entrepôt, to which come people of every nation, who distribute the treasures of these hitherto unknown regions to the inhabitants of the Old and New Worlds.

Chinamen, with their long plaited tails hanging nearly to the ground, their loose jackets and wide short trousers of black or blue crape; Hindoos, principally from Madras, often fine, tall, and handsome, clad in robes and turbans white as snow; Arabs, Malays, Americans, Europeans — all are here. Owing to the resident population being principally Chinese, who furnish the shopkeepers and skilled workmen of the town, the streets have a certain air of uniformity (every shop having its large sign-board, with characters of gold; on a black ground, painted upon it), were it not for the places of worship, which spring up in all directions, contrasting as strongly in appearance as their various devotees do in character.

European churches and Mohammedan mosques,

Chinese joss-houses and Hindoo temples, are to be found in curious, and picturesque proximity. There, on the outskirts of the town, may be seen, set off by the rich and varied foliage, which only an eastern clime can supply, the houses of the wealthier portion of the community, reminding one, with their wide-spreading roofs and verandahs, of the chalets of Switzerland. I enjoyed, in the cool of the evening, driving about the country, beautiful, with its tall and stately palms in all directions, its cocoa-nut trees full of hanging fruit, cinnamon and nutmeg groves, making the air quite fragrant: all seemed so different — people, scenery, and climate — to what I had left in England.

I went over a large shop, kept by the wealthy Chinese merchant, Whampoa, and looked over his curiosities and other things from China and Japan: embroidered silks, beautifully-carved articles in ivory, sandal-wood, and silver filigree; delicate ladies' fans in feathers and ivory, figures and temples; in fact, everything that could testify to the marvellous ingenuity and industry of these people. I could not but reflect what a pity it was that such valuable qualities should be so constantly devoted to what was merely ornamental or grotesque, instead of being applied, in all their united strength, to more solid works, which

would not only benefit themselves, but the whole world:

On the 29th, H.M.S. Shannon, commanded by Captain Peel, came in, bringing Lord Elgin from Hong Kong. We received orders to embark the next day in her and the Pearl, Captain Sotheby, to proceed to India.

That evening, some brother officers and myself were invited to a grand dinner at the Governor's, where we were to meet Lord Elgin and his suite—a circumstance which I should not mention, had it not been impressed upon my memory by the dilemma in which I found myself as to the means of appearing suitably dressed in such an assembly. Of course it was *de rigueur* that I should go in uniform. All I had been able to save from the wreck was a dress tunic, new and fresh when I left England, but which, alas! had passed some time under sea-water. Its brilliant scarlet had turned to crimson, and its appearance was not improved by its being studded all over with large black spots, each displaying a bugle and crown—the impress of the metal buttons—while its originally buff facings had changed to a delicate pink. However, putting a bold face upon it, I presented myself, and, for the first time in my life, enjoyed the pleasant breeze procured by a punkah.

This dinner was but one of the many hospitalities we received at Singapore, all the inhabitants seeming to vie with each other who should pay us the most attention. Our last entertainment in the island was accepted at the cost of our rest, for about two hours after our return to barracks we had to pack up and march. And what a march we had! We started before daylight, about four o'clock: heavy rain had fallen during the night, we could not see a step before us, and we floundered on through ditches and puddles. Then with the dawn came the rain, and such a torrent! the heaviest shower I had ever seen in England never came down with such good will—and this lasted for about two hours. On we trudged, however, soaking wet, and, in order to inspire the party, some of the soldiers struck up a song: like Mark Tapley, we tried to be ‘jolly under creditable circumstances,’ and succeeded tolerably well.

We were very glad to reach the Pearl at last, where we were very well received. The sailors were extremely kind to our men, immediately supplying them with dry clothes, and giving them everything they had in the way of provisions, so that we soon saw our soldiers clad as sailors, in ‘blue frocks and caps, looking comfortable and contented. Nor were the officers more backward in their treatment of us.

They made us go into their cabins, and fitted us out of their own wardrobes, and the captain very kindly asked five of us into his cabin, and begged us to make it our home as long as we should be on board. All our detachment was on board the Pearl, with the exception of Captain Guise and his company, which had embarked in the Shannon. This ship was also conveying Lord Elgin to Calcutta, and sailed at the same time as ourselves.

With the exception of one incident of a painful nature, nothing occurred during the first few days of our voyage worth recording. It was on the 3rd of August that the cry of a 'man overboard!' roused everybody's attention. Immediately all the buoys were let go, in the hope that the poor fellow might swim to one of them, and support himself until a boat could come to his assistance. Boats were lowered, but by some extraordinary misfortune one was upset, and instead of one man only, a whole boat's crew were in the water! All these, however, except one man, were picked up, but the man they had gone to save had sunk before a boat could reach him. The boats were again hoisted up, and the ship proceeded on the voyage as if nothing had happened.

On leaving Singapore, the Shannon had signalled



to us to put on full steam. This was done for the greater part of the way: at length a favourable wind springing up, we spread all sail, and found ourselves in a very few days off the mouth of the Ganges. Here our troubles began. Three days were we compelled to sail about in search of a pilot, which is absolutely necessary, the navigation of the stream being dangerous without one, on account of the shifting sands continually to be met with. It was very tantalising to be so close to Calcutta, where we could have obtained the most interesting news, and to be obliged to stay rolling about an indefinite time.

Whenever a ship appeared in the distance, and we approached near enough to use our signals, we asked her if she had a pilot on board. 'No!' and away we went, disappointed, towards the next sail. Thus we followed ship after ship, sometimes firing off guns to attract their attention, but always with the same result.

'Why *don't* they have pilots?' was a question asked by everybody. Echo answers—nothing! At last, late on the third day, we caught a pilot, and, after keeping in the open sea for one night more, we steamed early up the Hoogley.

After several days passed with nothing save the broad expanse of the sea before us, it was pleasant to

pass up the river between its green and varied banks. In some parts we steamed close in shore, and seemed so near to the neat white huts which peeped out here and there from among the palm-trees, that one might have exchanged flying courtesies with their inmates. Plants and trees grew with the greatest luxuriance down to the water's edge; cattle grazed in the fields, and large birds were seen perched on the trees and the roofs of houses, whilst natives were paddling about in their light crescent-shaped canoes, the ends of which tapered to a point, and rose out from the water. Occasionally, a human body might be seen floating down the stream, with a bird or two upon it, pecking away—a circumstance which brought forcibly to my recollection that I was upon the sacred river of the Hindoos—the stream which, according to their legend, bears the faithful on its bosom to the regions of perpetual rest.

As we came in sight of Garden Reach, fine country houses, with their large well-kept gardens, became visible, and gave evidence that we were approaching a wealthy city. Then a perfect forest of masts was seen in the distance; the embrasures and green slopes of Fort William were passed, and at last Calcutta in all her beauty stood before us.

## CHAPTER III.

## CALCUTTA AND CHINSURAH.

IT was evening when we reached the city which has been placed in rivalry with the real 'city of palaces,' 'Genova la Superba,' as the Italians call her. After exchanging salutes with the fort, we moored within a few yards of the principal promenade, and not far from the Shannon, which had arrived before us. The heat of the day was past, and everybody was out of doors enjoying the cool air; carriages full of gaily-dressed people drove past us close to the water's edge, and we were welcomed by three hearty cheers.

Our stay at Calcutta, however, was destined to be extremely short, for one of the river steamers, which may be said to swarm here, came alongside the next morning, and took us off to Chinsurah. On passing the native part of the city, one could not but help noticing the thousands of birds of carrion grouped

together. Without these Calcutta would be uninhabitable : it is forbidden to shoot or destroy one of them, for they and the jackals are the scavengers of India. I have seen the 'adjutant,' one of the largest of these birds, gravely and securely standing on one leg, on the highest pinnacle of Government House.

We passed, as we went up the river, Hindoo temples with their fanciful turrets, and little buildings resembling stone summer-houses around them, and the *ghâts* or landing-places, on the stone steps of which were assembled Hindoo women, bearing their jars of water in most picturesque attitudes. These *ghâts* are places of general resort, as they are usually protected from the rays of the sun by long sloping roofs. While we Britishers were thinking ourselves lords of all we surveyed, we found our mistake, by the discovery of the French tricolour floating over the *ghât* of a neat little village—the French settlement of Chandernagore.

In the course of conversation with the captain of the steamer about what we saw around us, some allusion was made to alligators. He told me a strange story of one, which, however, I could well believe was possible. He said, that a short time previously, he was

passing up the river in his boat, when he noticed a man lying fast asleep near a ghât, and not far from the water's edge. Presently he saw an alligator come out of the water, and steal up to the sleeper, seize him, and suddenly dive with him into the stream. This alligator must have been a 'mugger' or man-eater, as the natives call it, of the broad-nosed kind: the sharp long-nosed species are harmless.

It was late when we arrived at Chinsurah, the station to which troops are generally first sent on landing. I did not, the first night, sleep in the officers' quarters, but went to the hotel with one of my brother officers: this did not, however, insure a better night's rest for me. I had just dropped off to sleep, when a noise, more like the quarrelling of women and the screaming of children, than anything else I can compare it to, however ungallant this description may seem, aroused me completely. I rushed out—it was only the jackals: the brutes had assembled under our window, and were treating us to a serenade. This was my first experience of these horrible but useful animals, but not long after, I had an opportunity of seeing one of them more distinctly. It was killed in one of the men's rooms, having probably been attracted there by the smell of the oil in the lamps, in the middle of the night. One of the men

saw it, shut the door, and awoke his companions. It showed fight, but was soon killed. It was of a light yellow colour, about the size of a sheepdog. The bite of these animals is very dangerous, as, from its feeding upon what is putrid, the wound given is poisoned. Even we upstairs were visited by jackals; they would come up, and running round the verandah, howl at our doors, which, as we had no fancy to be awoken by their breathing in our faces, we were careful to keep shut.

Our stay at Chinsurah was extended until August 29th, as arrangements had to be made for re-fitting out the detachment, which had lost everything in the wreck of the Transit. Even the arms, which of course had been saved, were not fit to commence the campaign with, and had to be exchanged; added to which, it was necessary to organise the means for conveying us up country in this hot season. We officers were enabled at Calcutta to supply ourselves with all we required in place of what we had lost, and we did not fail at once to send in our claims for compensation for the loss of our baggage. This, according to the printed War Office regulations, should be paid immediately after the occurrence of losses on service, in order that the sufferers may at once fit themselves out and be ready for

duty. But our compensations were not paid till 1860!

Our life at Chinsurah had very little variety in it. Rising at daylight, and taking a cup of coffee, we sallied forth to parade, which lasted generally about an hour and a half. Then, returning to our quarters, to make an extensive acquaintance with cold water, and complete the rest of one's toilette for the day, filled up the time before breakfast. Gradually the heat increased, and by it we were almost entirely kept to our rooms or the verandah until five o'clock, when the air becoming cooler, we turned out once more for an hour's parade. The heat, indeed, was so great during the day, that the men were forbidden, under pain of severe punishment, to go out of doors between the hours of eight and five, so that the time lagged occasionally; and when, after dining at seven, we had managed to reach half-past nine o'clock, although little had been done, there were few who did not think it quite late enough to retire to bed. Sometimes, in the evening, we wandered along the river's bank, to watch the various craft sailing up and down. These were generally very picturesque, the sails being immense for the tiny hulls; the former usually so full of holes that more blue sky was seen through them than there was sail-

cloth, and one wondered how it was possible for them to catch sufficient wind to bear the hulls along. Then, again, we would watch the 'flying foxes,' thousands of which at night might be seen hovering close above our heads. During the day they hung from the boughs of the trees like black fans; send up a stone at them—there was a scuffle, a flapping of wings, and they were gone.

But the monotonous life at Chinsurah formed a strong contrast to that into which I had a peep at Calcutta among its non-military and wealthy inhabitants. An hour on the railway brought us to this modern 'city of palaces,' and, armed with a few excellent introductions, I passed there the last days of civilised life I was destined to enjoy for some time; for more than a year after this I had no other opportunity of being in the society of well-bred, well-educated Englishwomen.

Nothing can be more luxurious than the life of the majority of Calcutta people. Every appliance which the ingenuity of man can suggest to lessen the discomforts inseparable from the climate, is to be found here. The description of one day passed in the house of one of my hospitable friends, a civilian, at Calcutta, will exemplify this:—We rose before



daylight, and from that time till about eight o'clock were out enjoying the fresh morning air, either walking or on horseback. Returning to dress, we assembled to a light breakfast, which would not in the least interfere with 'tiffin' or luncheon, soon after one o'clock. After our first meal, our friend drove off in his 'buggy' to his usual occupations, leaving the ladies and his guests with dozens of servants to attend upon their slightest wish. There was a punkah in every room, which, as we passed from one chamber to another, was set in motion by unseen hands. The floors were covered with matting instead of carpets, and, in order to admit a thorough current of air, the house seemed all doors and windows, thrown wide open. Ice and cooling drinks were always at hand, and what between easy reading, easy writing, and dozing, we managed to pass the time agreeably until 'tiffin.' This meal closely resembles a dinner: it consists of soup, made-dishes, and the never-failing curry. The fruit in season, and on the table at the time I write of, was bananas (that long soft yellow fruit which melts in one's mouth) and the custard-apple, not unlike in appearance a large artichoke, but filled with a delicious custard-like pulp and a number of large seeds. Very little wine was drank; but the most amusing thing to me was

the fashion of taking beer with a person instead of wine.

‘May I have the pleasure of taking a glass of beer with you?’ sounds very strange, but it is the custom; round comes the ‘khitumdgār’ with the ‘bitter Bass,’ and froths it up in your tumbler. The afternoon was passed somewhat in the same manner as the morning, with the addition only of a little more sleep. As soon as the heat of the day was over, the carriage and saddle-horses were at the door, and we all sallied forth to enjoy the cool breeze by the river side, not returning until it was quite dark.

Now began a truly fairy-like scene—the reign of the fire-flies: myriads of them appeared, entirely covering the trees. There, between the dark branches, they flitted in and out, lighting up one spot for a second, and then, flashing off elsewhere, they formed an ever-shifting, golden network around the tops of the trees.

Dinner at half-past seven succeeded the evening’s drive; and, though little was eaten, the iced claret-cup and champagne were welcome to all. Before eleven o’clock had struck, we all once more retired to our rooms, where, heat and mosquitoes permitting, we were soon in the land of dreams. I wonder

if many of us were carried back in fancy to cool, active English life, which, even when it is beset with toil and care, would be to me far preferable to the luxurious indolence so tempting to the resident in India.

## CHAPTER IV.

## OUR FIRST MARCH.

ON August 29th, we left Chinsurah to go up country, one company having already started off, and another being ordered to follow the day after our departure. The first day of our journey was made by rail as far as Rancegunge, a place about a hundred and twelve miles from Calcutta, beyond which the line, which was to connect the capital with Delhi and the north-west provinces, had not been completed.

Our destination was Benares, and it was arranged that the detachments were to go 'up country' by 'bullock-train,' which could not accommodate more than eighty men at one time. It was calculated that by this means we should reach Benares in twelve days after starting.

On our arrival at Rancegunge in the evening, we found the bullock-wagons awaiting us. Each wagon, drawn by two bullocks, took either six men, or two officers, baggage included. We found also that we

had to escort a nine-pounder as far as Dehree, on the river Soane. At Raneegunge, the Government has a large depôt of elephants, and it was here that we first saw these animals employed as beasts of burthen. One of them was harnessed to, and drawing a cannon with perfect ease, and nothing could look more ridiculous than the unwieldy animal so engaged; it reminded one of some big child dragging a tiny go-cart behind it.

Elephants are not considered fit for work until, of age, like ourselves, at twenty-one years; and then a hundred years of labour may be got out of them. I remember two elephants which we had in our train later. One of them was ninety years old, and had been working under Government for seventy years—he was considered to be in his prime; and the other was pointed out to me as being quite a youngster, only sixty.

We left Raneegunge at night, a sufficient guard, consisting of a third of the men and one officer, going always on foot. Our average pace was about two miles an hour, and we changed bullocks every ten miles. Thus onward we went, till the next morning, when we halted at the staging bungalow for some hours. In this steady way we ought to have proceeded always; but unfortunately sometimes we met with

rivers which from the late heavy rains had become difficult to cross, and sometimes the cattle were weak and could not draw well. Thus we were delayed, and the time and distance lost we were obliged to make up by forced marches during the heat of the day.

Often for many hours without food, each stream that we came to affording lukewarm-water only, with which to quench our thirst, the broiling sun overhead being almost enough to scorch up the brain (for, although each cart had a little roof attached to it, some of us were always walking), and wearied with the previous night's journey, these forced marches by day were certainly as disagreeable as they were necessary.

But the night-work was pleasant enough, and I was always on watch from half-past nine till midnight. The moon favoured us with her light nearly the whole time, the air was refreshingly cool, and the beautiful country through which our route lay reminded me of English park scenery, with its fine timber and open landscape; all contributed to carry me back, in thought to the land I had just quitted, and left me to build castles in the air, to my heart's content, as I paced along—happy, when having laid the foundations well, and the whole mass of building rising to a stately and substantial form (wanting

but the last stone to complete it), if the whole was not ruthlessly destroyed by some such announcement as 'the ammunition-cart is down in the ditch, sir,' or 'there's a linch-pin broken in the last wagon,' being shouted in my ears.'

As we approached the Rajmahal Hills, the character of the country changed, and became more varied by winding stream and craggy ravine. The large rivers we met on our way were, besides the Ganges, the Barucka, the Leila Jahn, and the Soane, and, owing to the late rains, their swollen currents had carried away the few bridges which existed, the remains of which we occasionally caught sight of.

The Barucka and the Leila Jahn were crossed by means of boats secured to the opposite bank by ropes, and swung by the aid of the current from one shore to the other; but on the Leila Jahn we had the addition of rafts, each composed of a light framework of chatties, or earthen jars, fastened together. At the best of times, this mode of crossing a stream is troublesome, but when the current is swifter and the river broader than usual, and besides men, a gun and everything belonging to it, has to be carried safely over—when, in an operation requiring so much attention and care, there happens to be but one European stationed there to superin-

tend and marshal the hosts of coolies employed, it may be imagined that it is an arduous and anxious task. The Leila Jahn was crossed during the night, and took us eight hours, nor did we all reach the opposite bank till two o'clock in the morning, when we had to set off in a fresh set of wagons, and only reached our destination at nine. We had both sails and oars to aid our transit of the Soane. When iron suspension-bridges, of which there are few in this country, are more generally substituted for the old bridges over the principal rivers, travelling will be far more safe and agreeable, as, owing to the rapid current of the Indian rivers on the melting of the mountain-snows, the bridge piers are frequently giving way.

The inhabitants of a village on our road came out to meet us, wringing their hands and lamenting. A tribe of Santhals had come down from the neighbouring hills, and had carried off everything of any value, only two hours before our arrival. Of course we could do nothing—we might as well have tried to chase the monkeys we found on our route as to pursue these agile robbers.

One night we were rounding the foot of a wooded mountain; the moon shone brightly on us, except where the trees intercepted and robbed us of her



friendly light, when, it being my watch, I had to visit my sentries. Two of them forming the rear-guard, declared they had seen two tigers come down from the mountain, cross the road, and disappear on the opposite side. I laughed at this, and said there must be some mistake; that I had heard of no tigers being in the neighbourhood. The men, however, persisted in their statement.

Shortly afterwards we descended a very steep hill, and I had a number of coolies round me, who had been bringing down the cannon, which, being very heavy, required a good many men to hold it back from rolling too quickly down and falling into the ditch. Hardly was this task accomplished when some of the natives shouted out 'Sher! sher,' and pointed to an object lying under a tree close to the road. Owing to my short sight, I took it at first to be one of the bullocks belonging to our train: therefore making signs to the men to go after it, I even pushed them towards it. They all drew back, however, seeming in the greatest fear, and constantly repeated 'sher, sher!' What did they mean? I could not understand it. At this moment a half-caste apothecary, one attached to the company, who spoke English, came up.

"What's a *sher*?" I asked.

‘Sher? why, sher means a tiger, and there he is!’ he replied, pointing to what I had mistaken for a bullock, and starting back as much as the rest. It proved to be a large tiger, crouching down and watching us. I took up my revolver ready for any emergency, passed my wagons safely down the hill, and left my ‘royal’ friend behind. A little farther on we came to the village where we changed bullocks; those we had just made use of had to be taken back, and their drivers might be heard, some distance off, shouting and beating sticks together in order to scare away the ‘sher;’ but I have no doubt he walked off with one of the beasts!

At Dehree we left the gun, of which we were exceedingly glad to be free, for having no artillerymen with us, it being heavy and our cattle not good, it had proved a great encumbrance. . . .

We had now entered the disturbed country. The 5th Irregular Cavalry (mutineers) were near us; Kooer-Singh, and his brother Amoor Singh, with a large number of men, were scouring the land; and signs of devastation began to show themselves in all directions. The dâk bungalows were destroyed, the police stations burnt, the villages were in ruins, and the inhabitants were everywhere complaining bitterly of their property being carried away and destroyed by the rebels.

We arrived at Benares on September 10th, having crossed the sacred stream in a paddle-boat, worked by natives, treadmill style. The 'Holy City,' respected by the Hindoos throughout all India, as there the God Vishnu has his largest temples, was dangerous for us to enter; so we went to the palace of the Rajah of Benares, about three miles out of the town, which had been converted into barracks. In order to keep the natives from rising against us, earthworks commanding the town had just been completed, and mounted with cannon. It was intimated to the malcontents, that if they gave any trouble, their chief temple would be destroyed by our guns. Not far from the place where we were quartered, Guise's brother, who had commanded some irregular cavalry at the time of the outbreak, had been murdered by his own men. This occurrence seemed to bring the mutiny and its horrors more home to us than we had felt it before, touching as it did one connected with ourselves so nearly.

We spent but one night in the Rajah's palace. In the palace-yard a splendid tiger and a leopard, which had been caught in the neighbourhood, were kept, and probably served for the amusement of the natives, who delight in the fights of wild beasts. While we were there, a wild boar was intro-

duced into the leopard's cage, but the two animals merely walked round and round each other, glaring savagely, without coming to a personal encounter.

An officer, staying in the palace, kindly offered me a place in his room for the night. I accepted willingly. Afterwards, he carelessly raised the lid of a chest, not far from his bed, and to my astonishment discovered a large boa-constrictor coiled up in it. On my starting back, my friend said calmly, 'He's quite harmless—he ate two chickens yesterday!' handling the reptile unconcernedly before he again closed the lid. To this lid, however, there was no fastening, and I cannot say that the idea was a pleasant one, that perhaps, in the middle of the night, the serpent, 'so harmless,' might take a fancy to lift the roof of his house and stroll round the room. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I was ordered off on duty for the night.

The next day (the 11th) we left for Allahabad by the same conveyance we had before used. Again as we passed through the country which, after leaving Benares, increased in beauty, and where the temples, becoming more numerous and displaying greater magnificence, seemed to suggest that peace and contentment dwelt in the land, we heard the same stories of armed bands scouring the country, murdering the

Europeans, sacking and destroying peaceful villages, and killing or carrying off the inhabitants. •

After two days' marching, we again crossed the Ganges, and entered the Fort of Allahabad.

Situated at the angle formed by the junction of the Jumna with the Ganges, on two sides the battlements of the fort overhang the water. On the landside are slopes, covered ways, and massive gateways, and with its ramparts bristling with cannon, the fort seemed a place calculated to resist a formidable attack. The town outside was being refilled by those who had been driven away by the Sepoys a short time previously, when the fort, having scarcely sufficient men for its own garrison, was unable to interfere. From a long distance one could hear the sound of the meeting of the waters; and there was something strikingly grand in this, in the middle of the night, when all else, save, perhaps, the cry of some wild animal in the distance, was still.

I was kept at Allahabad, in order to take charge of the sick and wounded, left there by the 5th, 84th, 78th, 90th, and one or two other regiments. I had a very disagreeable and difficult card to play; not knowing the men, having to act as adjutant and paymaster, there being no regular sergeant-major, or paymaster-sergeant; then having no papers with

the men, and finding everything in confusion on my arrival, I should have fared badly, had it not been for the valuable aid given me by Paymaster Webster, of the 78th, a very worthy and true-hearted old man. My day at Allahabad began at five o'clock, when I was awoke by the 'Sahib, sahib !' of the servant, who filled the various rôles of valet, waiter, and cook, and, in short, could do anything. His name was 'Muza;' I often thought, if his 'Zara' were as ugly as himself, how hideous she must have been. I could manage to get a ride or walk early, before the great heat of the day was felt; but it was during the cool evenings that I found plenty of delightful drives and rides around Allahabad.

The neighbourhood was extremely varied and beautiful; only it was melancholy, as one strolled about, to notice such numbers of fine houses and gardens laid waste and destroyed by the rebels. Where, indeed, were all their former occupants! Many of them massacred, some of them houseless, the few who had escaped having taken refuge in the fortress. Many native villages, too, I passed in ruins; the ravager, not content with destroying the possessions of my countrymen, had not spared those of his own.

At night, very often I had to turn out on patrol; even the class of officers usually exempted from

this duty, such as medical officers, &c., had to undertake it then, and make a solitary walk along the defences, to see that all was safe. On a fine night, I liked much this tour of duty; the bright moon and stars overhead, not a leaf stirring, not a sound heard, out I sallied armed, and walked across a large open space, on which a number of field artillery ready for harnessing were stationed. I came to the walls, and dived down some steps leading through a gateway, and found myself opposite a low parapet. I looked over; down a long way below me flowed the river Jumna, to the spot where its waters mingle with those of the Ganges. Silently and swiftly it stole along. I walked by its side for a short distance; presently would be heard the sound of a measured tread, that of the sentinel; he hears me. 'Who comes there?' I answer, 'Patrol.'

'Advance, patrol, and give the parole.'

I walk up to the sentry, whom I find has his rifle ready levelled at me, in case I should be deceiving him, and whisper the word 'Coventry,' for instance. He immediately shoulders his arms, and calls out, 'Pass, patrol, all's well.' And so on, being challenged by the different sentries in the same way.

On reaching the Ganges I would stop some time, to watch the meeting of the waters, and then

continue my rounds. I passed by the ramparts overlooking the land side, the cannon being ready for any attack. I found all quiet save perhaps a large family of bats, which, I had disturbed on passing through an archway, from the ceiling of which they hung and roosted; out they would fly, flapping their wings into my very face. Occasionally a jackal might be heard howling and shrieking in the distance: the long howl of a jackal has been said to resemble his repeating the sentence—‘How sweet it is to pick the body of a dead Hindoo—oo—ooo!’ a delicacy of which he is unquestionably fond.

One day a native excited the suspicion of some of our men by going about inside the fort, whirling round and round, when anyone seemed watching him, but at the same time stealthily gazing at our defences. On his being arrested and questioned, he declared he was only a wandering fakir, fulfilling his devotional exercises. He was, however, searched, and abundant proof given that other thoughts were in his head besides those of his religion, by a plan of the fort being found on his person. He was afterwards hung.

While at Allahabad, I went to visit the state prisoners—two or three of the Sikh leaders, whom,



on the conclusion of the last Sikh war, we had detained as hostages. It is true that they were treated with every amount of consideration, but still this honourable captivity was very galling to such caged eagles, who had been brought up to command a race that had ever manifested a strong love of liberty, and knew how to fight for their country well. Still more bitterly must they have felt the hardness of their position when they saw the troops who had helped to conquer them; and whom as foes they despised, rise and wrest the country around them out of our hands.

Thus passed my time at Allahabad, until September 30th, when I received orders to start for Futtehpore.

Just before this occurred, the news of the fall of Delhi reached us. This was most welcome intelligence, knowing as we did that we had very few European soldiers, in comparison to the large numbers of Sepoys whom we had to put down. We speculated whether the latter would retire upon any other city, and stand another siege, or whether they would disperse in small bands all over the country, and try to annoy us in different parts of it, at the same moment. We shall see, a little farther on, how they decided to act.

## CHAPTER V.

## ALLAHABAD TO CAWNPORE.

I STARTED for Futtehpore in the evening in company with a detachment of the 5th Fusiliers, under Major Milman. We presented a thoroughly eastern spectacle as we marched along: first came our advanced guard, consisting of a small number of men about a hundred yards in front of the column; next, the main body of soldiers, all dressed in white, marching about ten abreast. Behind these, again, were our horses, led by the grooms, and each followed by a grass-cutter—for it was necessary to employ a man for every horse, merely to cut grass for it. A long train of camels followed, laden with the tents of the men; then a drove of bullocks, carrying commissariat stores for the use of the troops up country, and also the men's baggage.

The whole procession seemed interminable and was very imposing: it only wanted a train of ele-

phants to make its appearance complete. Early in the evening, when our road lay through villages, we were strongly reminded of what we had seen in the suburbs of Naples. The glare of torches, the chatting of natives, the strong smell of food being fried in oil, required but the addition of maccaroni to bring *bell' Napoli* present to one's mind. A little later and the scene changed — the inhabitants having gone to roost, and all being quiet except the watchmen, staff in hand, who walked about, occasionally stopping and chaunting, in peculiar but not unmusical tones, sentences which might be passages from the Koran, as in the olden times, or might merely tell those who were awake 'all's well.' I did not feel inclined to dispel the illusion, if such it were, by asking about it. The effect was pleasing, as the chaunting was caught up by other watchmen, and repeated until it died away in the distance.

The following night we marched fifteen miles, and most trying work it was; nor was it very pleasant to meet an express the next day, ordering us to make forced marches. Instead of going ten or fifteen miles only in the course of the night, we were to march twenty until we reached Futtehpore.

We arrived at this place on October 4th, and occupied a house in the neighbourhood, which was

being fortified. Here we found Major Barnston, who had at first received orders to remain and take charge of the place, but was a few days later sent for to Cawnpore.

On the 5th I had been directed to go on with Irby's company at midnight; Wolseley's to which I belonged having already left. Fortunately for me, this arrangement was altered again, and, as senior subaltern, I was ordered to stay behind in charge of the sick, of which, as at Allahabad, a great many had been left here. I say *fortunately*, because I had felt very unwell, and consequently was disinclined to move. The next morning I awoke in a raging fever. I attribute this attack to my having been obliged, two days previously, to walk about a great deal in the morning sun, without having had my head and neck sufficiently protected.

Barnston, before he left, put me under the care of a man who had once been in his company, O'Byrne, a thorough Irishman. He was not very handy, though extremely good-natured; but I must own, occasionally, his clumsy efforts to please me rather put me out. One day, after one of my attacks of repeated vomiting, he appeared at my bedside with some mutton broth, the rank smell and grease of which would have turned a more healthy appetite than

mine ; but he did me a good turn a little later. The doctor would not allow me anything stronger than a little lemonade. I was as weak as possible, and this O'Byrne had noticed.

'Shure, sir,' said he, 'a little cantheen porther can do yer honour no harm?' and he handed me some in a mug. Its appearance certainly was not inviting ; still to my parched throat it tasted like nectar. Daily, afterwards, did I by stealth procure some porther ; and I used to be amused at hearing the doctor give himself credit for my wonderful recovery.

Many Europeans had been murdered at Futteh-pore ; and in the neighbourhood might be seen the bodies of the murderers hanging on the trees. They had been discovered and executed by the army which had marched up under Havelock, and remained as warnings to the living natives.

My life here was monotonous in the extreme ; books and papers not being within my reach, I scarcely knew what to do with my time. However, on October 16th, a great event in the annals of the little fort took place : its first guns were mounted on it.

It was curious to watch how, from a common defenceless house surrounded by cottages, brush-wood, and trees, a fortress could arise within a fort-

night, armed with cannon and capable of resisting attack. First were seen some lines traced out round the house; presently a large number of native labourers swarmed around, digging and carrying away earth from one spot to heap it up in another. Soon a bank all round became visible, with a ditch on the outside of it. Meanwhile, brushwood was burnt, trees were cut down and stored away for firewood, and the cottages and ruins were removed. Well, the bank rose higher and higher, the ditch became broader and deeper, and at last the bank was seen formed into a good high rampart, with platforms for guns and embrasures complete, and the shapeless ditch was changed into a moat large enough to hold small boats; and thus at Futtehpore we were placed in a position to give a warm welcome to any Sepoys who might think of paying us a visit.

One of the native overseers of the coolies, who were working at the fort, was hung at this time. Some time before, when the officials at Futtehpore were murdered, the Treasury was broken into and sacked. Some 'good-natured' friend gave information, which was afterwards confirmed, that one of those who had come forward to offer his services to us, and whom we had appointed to overlook our labourers, had been one of the foremost in the

attack on the officials, and had pocketed a large share of the treasure. I had often seen this man, wearing his official badge, superintending the men. His hours were now numbered. Everything being prepared, he was one morning, when he had not the least suspicion of danger, seized, confronted with his accusers, and sentenced by the deputy-magistrate (who had summary powers at the time) to be hung. Of course he firmly denied his guilt, and went moaning the whole way to the gallows. When he saw, however, that there was no hope, he became quiet, submitted to have the rope adjusted, and fell; one nervous jerking, and all was over.

The effect of this prompt act of justice was beneficial; the next day the magistrate received a paper, informing him that if search were made in a specified place, a great part of the missing money would be found. Accordingly, people were sent to the spot, and 2,500 rupees were discovered. Four thousand rupees, I believe, was the amount of the whole sum stolen.

I was sincerely glad, on the 16th, to be relieved from my charge, and to be ordered up to Cawnpore. A detachment was passing up, and I joined it. Nothing of especial interest occurred on the journey, except a false alarm, which afterwards furnished us

with a little amusement. We were proceeding quietly on our road the second evening, when we heard what seemed to be repeated discharges of musketry, together with the report, occasionally, of a heavy gun in our front. We thought Cawnpore was being attacked, knowing that its garrison was but small, and that its destruction was of the greatest importance to the 'niggers.' We ourselves expected to be met by them, as they must have had information of every body of troops that was moving about. The firing became each moment more heavy and nearer to us; of course we stood to our arms. Presently we heard the firing in a village close by, and saw the whole place illuminated with tapers and oil-lamps. Then the whole matter was explained: the natives were holding one of their Hindoo festivals, and were firing for amusement. Certainly, they are wonderfully partial to noise, for, when they have no guns, they fill chatties and pieces of bamboo with powder, and, after having laid a train to these, fire them off with a loud report.

On the third day from our leaving Futtehpore we arrived at Cawnpore. On entering it we were struck by the desolate appearance of this, once the finest and best military station in the northern provinces. How sad the change now! Sadder was it when we



passed the entrenchment which poor General Wheeler had occupied, and noted the houses riddled by round shots and bullets ; saddest when, a little later, the scene of the horrible tragedy was pointed out—the buildings where the women and children had been killed ! They consisted of two very small low houses, with a courtyard. The floors were all covered with dried blood, and fragments of women's and children's clothing—petticoats, dresses, ribbons, bonnets, babies' shoes and socks, &c. ; and I picked up a long fair tress of hair. The walls were bedabbled with blood ; bloody hand-prints were visible on the walls, indicating that life had been hardly struggled for, and making one's blood curdle. Outside was a tree against which a child's head had been dashed, leaving pieces of the brain sticking to it, while the bark showed where the innocent victim's blood had flowed down in a thousand streams ! Close by was the 'well,' now covered over, into which the bodies of women and children, old and young, except those of the latter reserved for a worse fate, dead and dying, were thrown. There was not one who did not turn away from the sight of these horrible testimonies of the savage cruelty of those demons, with teeth clenched and stern determination to avenge to the uttermost these victims.

Near the 'well' was the gallows, on which General Neil had hung those miscreants whom he had caught, first making them kneel down and lick or wipe up some of the blood on the floors, thus effectually breaking their caste, and impressing them and the natives who stood by, with the belief that by this means they would go at once to eternal punishment.

I found on my arrival at Cawnpore, that an expedition (of which my company formed a part) had started a few days before to Bithoor, Nana Sahib's residence. They soon returned, having been able to do very little worth mentioning.

Many wonderful reports came over from Oude of what had befallen Havelock's force, but none could be relied on, as the natives had effectually stopped all safe means of communication, and our spies dared not face the rough treatment experienced by some of their brethren. Then, too, I heard of the death of four of my brother officers, who had been killed on the way to Alumbagh — Graham, Nunn, Perrin, and Preston.

Nunn was on wagon-guard when he was killed. The column was proceeding quietly along the high road, when some of the 12th Native Irregular Cavalry rode towards the convoy. At first, Nunn looked upon them with suspicion, and was in the act of

giving directions to his scattered men to prepare for attack, when the cavalry leader called out, in English, 'It's all right—we are friends!' This speech, and the knowledge that part of the 12th still remained true to us, reassured Nunn. Hardly had the horsemen come close up, when they commenced cutting down the escort right and left. They killed Nunn and a great many men, and having done this they galloped off. Poor Nunn's body was found hacked to pieces: it bore a good many cuts upon it, and there was one especially, which went through the crown down towards the left side, and must have cleft the skull.

Here was another instance of valuable lives being lost by the treachery of our antagonists.

During the absence of my company from Cawnpore, I had leisure to roam about the town, the native part of which had been left uninjured by the rebels. Great sales were held daily at the assembly-rooms, of furniture, looted and restored to us, consisting of things of every description, from pictures, statues, books, and pianos, to tents and buggy-wheels. Cawnpore is famous throughout India for its leather. Everything that can be made of leather—and, in fact, there seemed little that could not be manufactured of that material, boots, shoes, saddlery of all kinds—were to be pro-

cured at extremely low prices, though very well made. . .

On the 20th orders were received that a party under the command of Major Barnston, consisting of 500 men and four guns, were to march to Alum-bagh, a place on the outskirts of Lucknow, in which Havelock had left some heavy guns, and some sick and wounded; and, under a small guard, to throw in provisions. We expected to return to Cawnpore in about a week, from this expedition, and were ordered to leave all our heavy baggage behind us. Accordingly, the next day, 300 wagons laden with stores were sent across the river, to be joined by us the following morning.

## CHAPTER VI.

## ENTERING OUDE.

WE started off very early in the morning, with very little baggage, and no tents : we were to sleep under the trees. Besides the three hundred wagons before mentioned, we had with us eighty camels to take care of, and our procession was about two miles in length.

All went very well the first day, and, after crossing the Ganges by a bridge of boats, we marched a few miles, and then halted for the day under some trees. At midnight we started again, and marched till eight in the morning. Two armed natives were caught on our route in a village, and, having been tried and found guilty, were hung. We also found a number of matchlocks, and some bows and arrows — the first time I had ever seen the latter primitive weapons used for any purpose but that of pastime. On the second day, we were told by our spies that a party of the enemy, consisting of seven hundred men and two guns, in-

tended to dispute our passage of a river a few miles in our front. They were at Bunnee Bridge, the centre arch of which the Sepoys had dug in. Having made our disposition for an attack, we set off at one o'clock. Guise was to have the advance guard; Wolseley followed, telling Guise that he must let *him* go in, and take *one* of the guns. When, however, we were within two miles of the river, we halted, in order to close up our wagons, and to rest a little; we then advanced, and on reaching the Sye, we found a battery had been built, but the birds were flown! Our spies had seen the niggers: they told us that when the Sepoys heard our bugles sounding the halt, they wavered, thought twice about confronting us, and then ran away as hard as they could! They had quitted a very strong position: had they stood firm, they must have given us a great deal of trouble. As it was, we forded the river, and had much difficulty in getting the wagons across, and pulling them up the steep bank on to the road on the opposite side. This took us eight hours altogether, and we then encamped under a 'tope,' or grove of trees, three-quarters of a mile farther on. The next day was to be our last march. It was Sunday morning: the dew was on the grass, and the white and red convolvulus formed a rich carpet of flowers beneath our feet; while, just before the sun

rose, beautiful bright rosy tints overspread the sky in the east, reminding me of the sweet German 'Lied'—

Morgen roth, morgen roth,  
Leuchtest mir zu frühem Tod;  
Bald wird die Trompete blasen,  
Dann muss ich mein Leben lassen,  
Ich und mancher Kamerad.

Hardly had these lines passed through my mind, when I heard firing in our rear. We had passed between two topes, to a large plain: the rear-guard (Wolsley's) had just got clear, when we, who were in the centre of the column, were told: 'They are firing on the rear-guard.' Barnston rode up, and we were ordered to fall back and attack the enemy. This we did; opening out in skirmishing order before a long line of them. Then, after we opened fire, they gave us two rounds and ran away, deserting even two stockades which they had thrown up! We contented ourselves with burning the latter, and continued our march—an inglorious triumph!

One curious incident occurred, however, to give it variety.—Guise's riding up to one man, and engaging him in single combat with swords! Guise had the use of his left arm only, having lost the right. The nigger aimed a blow with his

'tulwar' at Guise's head; it was just parried, but it touched the helmet and cut the left wrist. The man, after a desperate struggle, was at last shot down and killed.

The enemy were still determined we should not reach our destination without fighting for it. When we were within about a mile and a half of Alumbagh, and could clearly see its turrets, we were saluted in front with a discharge of muskets (or rather matchlocks) and a gun. A large body of the adversary was advancing on our right. Irby and the 'Madraseses' drove the infantry back; meanwhile, the baggage and carts were closed up and sent on to the bungalow; but the train being such a long one, this took some time. I was left to cover the guns: these were halted, and placed in position to command the plain.

We soon observed some cavalry galloping up, so as to cut off some of the baggage. Upon which Capt. Moir pointed his guns and poured shot and shell into them — a long range (1,200 yards). The first shot pitched into the middle of the Sowars; they wavered, scattered, and retired. Then they advanced again, but in vain; for 'bang' went our guns, smashing everything. The enemy once more retired in the greatest confusion, their leaders not being able



to persuade them to advance a third time. Their guns all fired short, and we escaped without loss, having effected our object of keeping the niggers off, while we passed in our convoys of stores. This done, we drew off, and entered the bungalow.

Alumbagh — where we now were — was a palace, standing in the midst of a very extensive garden — the ‘Garden of the World,’ as its name implies; and certainly, when in good order, it must have been a lovely spot. It had belonged to, and had been a favourite residence of, the Queen of Oude. It was situated in the centre of a walled enclosure, five hundred yards square, which had a turreted building at each corner. The place was well fortified: there was an abattis of felled trees in front: each corner turret had two guns, and breastworks made of the men’s beds, were placed round the top stories.

A thirty-two pounder, at the principal entrance, commanded the road; trenches were dug all round outside the walls, which were loopholed and strengthened by earthworks.

From the turrets of the large high building in the centre might be seen the spires and domes of the chief mosques in Lucknow, as well as the turrets of the Residency, about two miles off.

The strength of the garrison was about 500 men,

under the command of Major (now Lieut.-Colonel) M'Intyre, who were left to guard the sick and wounded, some guns, and the animals used for carriage by Havelock's army, &c.

We were to have returned to Cawnpore in about three days after our arrival, our object of throwing in provisions into the fort of the Alumbagh having been accomplished. But Major M'Intyre said he required our aid in defence of his position, so we again received orders to remain.

It was tiresome work to be kept here, having nothing to do, seeing always before us the turrets of the buildings that contained those, to relieve whom there had been so many attempts made, and for whom there were so many anxious thoughts; feeling at the same time that we could know little more about their well-being than the people we had left at Cawnpore.

All the outlets to the Residency in Lucknow were so jealously guarded by the Sepoys, that it was a service of very great danger to carry despatches from General Outram's force, even to Alumbagh. Very few natives could be tempted, by any amount of reward, to undertake this work, and in order that the enemy, should any of the messengers be seized between the two places, might not be able to turn the

despatches to account, these were worded in French, and written in Greek characters.

Our news therefore from Lucknow was very scanty, but things seemed to be going on pretty well there ; they had plenty of ammunition and food at that time, only they were short of rum and tobacco.

A short time after we reached Alumbagh I went out on a foraging party. Within our walls were some hundreds of camels, bullocks and horses, and a good many elephants. These required a great deal of food, and, as they could not go out unattended to graze without being fired upon or taken by the enemy, at first we sent foraging parties to bring in green food for them. On these excursions we took three hundred men and two guns with us. We marched out into the fields, skirmishing, running through the long grass, and when we saw any of the natives, drove them before us. Behind us, meanwhile, was a host of men making the best use of their time, having come upon a number of fields which they had not dared to touch before. Our natives, camel-drivers, &c., were delighted ; shouting and screaming for joy. They tied the rye and long grass into bundles with right good will, while the elephants and camels were grazing. They loaded the animals, while the bullock-drivers and grass-cutters also took

advantage of the occasion, and loaded themselves. When all had finished, and were retiring, we withdrew. Then the enemy advanced and fired, but kept at a safe distance, for they had found out that our rifles could carry farther than their 'brown Besses' and matchlocks.

They afterwards brought their guns to play upon us, and a few shots fell, but not very near us; for, after all, the Sepoys can do little with their cannon, except at a certain fixed mark. In our advances later, we continually found that certain spots we were obliged to pass over had been previously marked out, so that their shot could just hit there. As some of our skirmishers were advancing they came upon a village where the breakfast of a number of the Sepoys was being prepared, consisting of a quantity of hot milk, meal, &c. Our men and the Sikhs quietly walked off or upset all this, and so the villains lost their breakfast that morning, at least: it served them right, for every morning beating the reveillé and playing 'Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye waking yet?' Latterly, these foraging parties were put a stop to, though, as far as one could judge, they might have been continued for some time longer. Not only were no more parties sent out, but no one was permitted to stir out of the enclosure on any account, though

there was plenty of cover near. The natives, seeing that we did not care to interfere with what took place outside our walls, soon drew a cordon round us.

We were now about to enter upon winter weather, for November was approaching; but winter in India is not what we know of that season in the north. Before the sun rose, the temperature was only agreeably cool, but after ten o'clock the heat was still intense, and this lasted till after five o'clock in the afternoon. Two months previously we had naturally suffered more from the heat, and the nights were then oppressively warm and clammy; a great change now was felt in the hours between midnight and sunrise, when the air was bitterly cold.

We were now cheered with very good news. A message came in from Cawnpore, that the army which had taken Delhi was marching towards us, its number being about 3,500 men, 800 of which were cavalry, an arm much wanted. This force was expected to cross the Ganges on October 28th. We were all in very high spirits, for our little band of the 90th (300) was to join the force, and march with it to Lucknow, in order to relieve those gallant fellows who had, in their turn, succoured the little garrison together with the ladies and children, when it was hardly able to hold out longer. Sir

Colin Campbell was to command us, too, so we expected to accomplish great things. . .

All day of November 2nd we were looking out for the arrival of the force. The enemy appeared to know all about it too; their cavalry, which had before been stationed all round us, seemed all to be drawn off in the direction of Cawnpore, and were seen galloping backwards and forwards along the road. Columns of smoke arose in the same direction, as of villages burning; whether set on fire by our men or by the enemy, in order to prevent their affording shelter, we could not tell.

Another day of disappointment on the 3rd; but at length on the 4th, the advance guard of the long-expected force came in, and very welcome it was. It consisted of some cavalry, and part of the 5th and 93rd regiments. It brought tidings of the army having fought the enemy at Bunnee Bridge, and being at that time encamped eight miles off. We heard also of the attack upon Sir Colin at Futtehpore, as he was coming up country, and of 150 of his escort being killed. Rather a close 'shave,' it seemed. It was also said that Sir Colin intended carrying on operations 'in a systematic manner, not "madly rushing on."' During the last few days the niggers had become

very audacious, approaching much nearer, and erecting batteries all round, commanding the place; but now that the road was open, all the camels, elephants, and other animals, which had been half starved at Alumbagh, were sent down with the wagons to Cawnpore. Occasionally we heard heavy firing at Lucknow, from which place we received, for the first time, reliable intelligence. It was said that up to that moment, seventy-nine officers, in all, had been killed and wounded, eleven of whom were 'ours.'

November 5th—more memorable now to Englishmen, as the anniversary of the battle of Inker-mann, than for the 'gunpowder plot,' passed with us still stationary at Alumbagh. Many were the reports which reached and excited us; about the army, the most important was that the Gwalior Contingent, which had risen, was moving on Cawnpore, with six thousand men, and a very heavy siege train. If such should be the case, 'what would Sir Colin do?' was asked; would he take back the army from Bunnee Bridge to Cawnpore, and thrash the Gwaliors first, or go on to Lucknow? It was said that the 'brave garrison had only four 'days' provisions left. Sir Colin might perhaps stay at Cawnpore and send

Colonel, now Sir Hope, Grant with the force into Lucknow, bring back Outram and the ladies, and all retire to Cawnpore. After this he might begin the Lucknow campaign afresh, when a sufficiently large army could be collected, for it was no easy task to fight and take possession of a country in which almost every native was accustomed, more or less, to the use of arms. On November 9th, a spy having come in with a letter of instructions from the Residency at Lucknow, we opened a semaphore communication with that place from the roof of our palace.

It was not until the 12th, after some weary days of expectation and disappointment, that Sir Colin at last came up with the main body of his army. Sir David Baird, and Kavanagh, of famous 'Lucknow memory,' had luncheon in our tent that day, and I heard from the latter the wonderful and interesting account, which he has since given to the world, of his miraculous and gallant escape from the heart of Lucknow to Sir Colin's force.

On the afternoon of November 13th, we at last marched out of Alumbagh, and joined the fourth brigade camping outside, and commanded by Colonel Adrian Hope, of the 93rd Highlanders.



This brigade was composed of the 53rd, 93rd, and a battalion commanded by Major Barnston, formed of companies belonging to the 84th, the Madras Fusiliers, and 90th, and numbering about 600 men. We spent this night in the open air, and the weather was bitterly cold.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE 'RELIEF.'

ON November 14th, about nine A.M., the army started, going round towards the right, making its way through topes of trees, fields, and lanes, and raising clouds of blinding dust. For the greater part of the way, we met no one, and found all the villages deserted. Our brigade (the 4th) formed the last of the main column. At about one o'clock, a village, in which was a large number of Sepoys, was shelled. Soon afterwards, we came to a long wall, which surrounded a large building called the 'Dil-Khoosha' (i. e. 'Joy of the Heart') of which we afterwards made use, as a hospital. It was a fine palace, and most beautifully furnished, as those who first arrived there found. We clambered over the wall, driving the Sepoys before us, and then the fighting regularly commenced—for we were on the borders of Lucknow.

Our guns were got into position ; some shot came over us from the enemy, and one took off the head of a 93rd man near me, and wounded some others. A number of deer were seen roaming about the garden, and some of the men varied the excitements of the day by chasing the poor harmless brutes, as if they had nothing more exciting to do !

After some cannonading, our companies were ordered to advance and occupy a magnificent palace, which, though extremely strong and apparently made for defence, a breastwork having just been thrown up, the enemy quickly cleared out of, leaving a nine-pounder behind them. This palace was called the 'Martinière,' and had been built by a General Martini, who, from being only a French gunner, had risen to the post of commander-in-chief to the late King of Oude. It was a handsome building, with its statues ornamenting the roof, its marble court, its ball-room, and orchestra gallery. A beautiful garden extended to the back of it some distance, and from the high turreted dome of the building one could see the whole of Lucknow, including the Residency. A short time after we had entered this palace, we were ordered on to camp in a tope in rear of a mud wall, behind which the natives were stationed. We had just made ourselves comfortable, and, being tired and

hungry, had lain down and were getting something to eat, when musketry-fire commenced in front. We were at once hurried off to support the 93rd, which had gone out skirmishing, for the natives were advancing. We formed line, and the guns were brought up: 'ping' came the bullets all round us, and the shot struck in every direction! We advanced on through a breach in the wall, and may be said to have thus entered Lucknow itself. Presently we reached the spot where the Naval Brigade had posted some of their heaviest guns, and were firing. We halted in rear, and after the sailors had fired a terrific salvo, making the sky perfectly black, the noise being something awful—'Over, and take the guns!' was the cry.

We doubled on, thinking to cross the canal, said to be only ankle-deep in water, and take everything by the rush! To our intense disgust, the canal was full of water up to one's shoulders: the niggers had dammed it up, and thus deepened the ford! It was now getting dark, and our company was ordered to 'picket' on the spot, as nothing could be done just then, while the rest of the force retired. Sentries were placed on the canal bank, and the greatest silence had to be maintained, as the niggers were on sentry on the opposite side. \* We could hear even

distinctly what they said and did; it was a cold, dark, disagreeable night.

November 15th, we were still on picket; only retiring a few yards into a hollow out of sight. All day a close fire of musketry was over us: we scarcely dared to raise our heads. In the evening, at last, we were relieved; and glad we were to be so, having been exposed all day to the heat of the sun, and unable to stir. I wanted no rocking to sleep that night! The next day, about ten o'clock, Sir Colin rode up to Barnston, called the officers together, and told us that, when fired at in the streets, it was best not to stop and fire in return, but to fix bayonets and rush on. Ours was to be the first battalion of the main body; but this arrangement was afterwards changed, and the 93rd went before us, the 53rd forming the advance-guard.

At twelve o'clock we started. Making a détour to our right, we soon found ourselves in the midst of the firing; bullet, shot, and shell coming fast and heavy—wounding and killing all around us.

On we rushed, and reached some houses on the edge of a plain, across which ran a road which our adversaries commanded with their guns. Here Wolseley was ordered to run across with his men, and occupy some ruined houses on the other side.

At this point, I and some men missed the company, having got among our guns, which were in position, and were firing. The only way I saw was to go across in front of the guns, but here they would not let me pass. I dodged through—was told in which direction to go—and ran! Never had I run so fast! The faster I ran, the more did the shower of balls seem to come around me; the niggers were honouring me with their attention, and I was favoured with shot and shell besides. After a run of about 300 yards, when ready to drop, I reached the remains of walls, not breast-high, behind which some of my company were 'potting' at niggers close to their front. There I found Wolseley, but was so choked, that the only thing on arriving was to point to my mouth for water, before I could speak, and apologise to Wolseley for not having come with his company.

He had about sixteen men with him, and we advanced, running on, about fifty to a hundred yards at one time, dodging here and there for cover, and firing and being fired at in return. Again our guns pushed on; at last, we ran forward to some low-built houses close to the niggers, and fired at them through the windows. We were nearer to them than we had expected; they were firing at our men on the right from behind a breastwork, and, on perceiving

us, turned upon us, and we had some sharp practice. Meanwhile the army had attacked a palace, called the 'Segundrabagh'—very strong and well defended, but it was taken at last. Eighteen hundred and sixty bodies were afterwards counted among the killed, but there were many more besides, at least two thousand, who had fallen and were buried there. A little farther in front was a mosque, 'Shah Nujeeb,' with a large round white dome, and surrounded by a very thick wall, which proved afterwards to be double. In vain were breaching-guns brought within fifteen yards, dragged by volunteers, both officers and men working alike, under a terrific fire. No good was done—no practicable breach was effected. Once more the guns were dragged away, and at last the 93rd rushed at it, carried the front works in splendid style, and took it, having two officers killed, and losing a large number of men.

In the evening, when we retired and joined the rest of our party, to our sorrow we heard that Barnston was severely wounded. He was a great favourite with everybody, being an excellent officer and a perfect gentleman. Wynne and Powell were also hit. Barnston's wound, which was through the fleshy part of the thigh, was said afterwards not to be so serious as at first thought. I saw him the next

morning, and found him in good spirits, interested in all that was going on, and speaking hopefully about his recovery, and of soon being able to rejoin us. Alas ! these hopes were destined never to be realised—he was never to fight again !

The next morning (the 17th) I was standing near the 'Segundrabagh,' when my attention was aroused by loud cries above me. I looked up, and saw some Sepoys, who had been concealed in one of the turrets of the palace all night, and who could not be got at before, dragged out by some Sikhs and killed—a fitting pendant to the most horrible sight inside the courtyard. There the whole space was entirely filled with piles of dead, although the bodies were heaped one above the other to a great height. Part of the building, which had caught fire, was still burning, and among the smouldering ruins were human corpses, the sickening odour of which added to the horrors of the picture.

While waiting for orders, a spent ball passed over our heads with a very peculiar sound : we watched where it alighted, and picked it up. It proved to be a large cut-glass knob, and had apparently formed the bottom of a chandelier !

The morning was taken up with pressing back the enemy on our left, so as to give ourselves plenty of



room, and secure our left flank from assault. About three o'clock in the afternoon, after a great deal of heavy firing from our guns, Wolseley (lucky fellow ! to be selected to lead the advance) was sent on with a subdivision to effect a lodgement in the 'Mess-House,' a castellated building in front, situated on slightly rising ground.

The rest of our men were ordered to follow this party. We doubled along, came to the open ground, and crossed the hollow or ditch in front of the building, which proved to be dry. Here we halted, making use of all the shelter that there was, and then running on again, after a number of turnings, we found ourselves in the 'Motee Mahall,' or the 'Pearl of Palaces.' To this the King's Zenana and a number of other buildings were attached. When about half way to this place, an officer came riding out towards us, and raising his cap, cried, 'General Outram has come out ; give three cheers !' We cheered till we were black in the face !

For the last three days, the besieged had been gradually advancing towards us from the Residency, but at last our junction with the 'old 90th', and the rest of the garrison was effected.

We passed the night in a large enclosed square, the greater part of which was commanded by the

enemy, in high buildings near us. Our rest, however, would have been undisturbed, but for occasional interruptions from the noise made by our sentries, as they shot down a number of Sepoys, who had been cooped up in some of the out-buildings, and who tried to escape from time to time.

A large part of the town was now in our hands, including the Old Palace. The Sepoys were said to be bolting, but the 'Kaiserbagh,' or New Palace, was still held by the enemy. This was an extensive and strongly-fortified position, and from it their chief guns and mortars were fired. The sailors had breached the walls the preceding night, and prepared it for an assault.

About eight A.M. on the 18th I was sent on guard to a house overlooking the river (the Goomtie), on the other side of which was a body of the enemy with a gun. I had often remarked, that wherever the niggers were, if there happened to be a tree near, one of them always ascended it, to look out, and to point to the others in what direction to fire. So on this occasion, about two-thirds up a high tree, just opposite to me, one of my sentries descried a dark object, which with my glass I could plainly see was a man pointing us out. I longed to fire at him, for he was quite close to me, but our orders were to make no noise; the

enemy were not to know we were there. In the middle of that day I was relieved, but during my guard I entered some of the buildings at hand : here I found six barrels of powder, which I was ordered to drown, and also a large number of unfinished cartridges. In the rooms were large handsome mirrors, sofas, native pictures, in fact, everything that betokened the luxurious lives of its former inmates, and their hasty flight. Later I visited the Zenana, to which was attached a large garden, where I picked up some roses, as sweet and fresh as if they were not blooming in the near neighbourhood of death and destruction.

This building itself formed a large hall, quite open, the roof of which was supported by pillars, between which thick curtains, rolled up in the day-time, could be let down at night. The floor was of marble, the ceiling richly ornamented ; marble tables stood beneath the mirrors, and I noticed one beautifully and delicately-carved ivory chair in the middle of the room ; this was afterwards offered to Lord Clyde, and was, I believe, reserved by him, to be presented to Her Majesty. Carpets, chairs, clocks, remains of embroidered work-boxes, ivory caskets, were heaped in confusion over this hall, and a number of smaller out-buildings close by ; but what struck me most was

the nursery, where the floor was strewn with children's toys, among which I noticed more particularly some miniature cannon on their carriages, exquisitely finished; here was 'teaching the young idea how to shoot' with a vengeance! Farther on was a railed enclosure, in which wild beasts had been kept, and where the fights, which the natives so much enjoy, might take place.

On November 19th, the most satisfactory part of our duty at Lucknow was effected, namely, the release of the women and children from their long imprisonment in the Fort, to which they had retired for refuge. The previous day our men had been employed in making a road from the ladies' quarters, by which they were to pass out of the town to that part where we, the besieging army, were stationed. The object in making this road was, as far as possible, to shorten the distance by breaking through walls and houses &c., and, where there were exposed places, to screen them by means of shutters, doors, or anything else at hand, so that the ladies should pass out as much as possible unobserved. On the evening of the 18th, we had been sent back out of the town, and were placed on picket on the side of the road, close to the 'Shah Nujeef.'

It was about the middle of the day when the first women and children passed out; poor things! almost all of them walking—some few, indeed, had carriages, if the broken-down contrivances dragged along by horses looking as if they had not tasted food for months could be so called. The thin, pale, haggard faces of the prisoners restored to liberty showed the fearful privations they had endured for months, and betokened both mental and physical suffering. Some of them were sick and wounded; most of them had lost all they possessed of worldly goods, and some, in addition, had mourned the bitterer losses of husbands, children, and friends. The little children looked particularly pale and wasted, for their mothers had kept them, for greater safety, in the inner rooms. How delighted they seemed, to inhale the fresh air! how inspirited they were by this their first breath of liberty after their cruel confinement! When they came to our picket and saw us lying about at our ease, they fancied they must be in safety, and would say, 'Ah! now we can rest,' and would put down the children and bundles and sit down, for to their cramped limbs the long walk must have been very trying. But we were forced to tell them that shot and shell were flying about still, and that it was dangerous to linger, and then in haste they would snatch up their bur-

dens, and struggle on. There were about 230 women and 250 children; and all the afternoon, and all through the night, they were passing out. The sick and wounded came out, under the charge of Tinling, of 'ours,' escorted by 600 men. They were all sent on to 'Dil-Khoosha.'

We had indeed arrived just in time to relieve Have-lock and his brave band, but not soon enough to remove him unscathed by an enemy not less formidable than the host which had beleaguered him — disease. At a moment when, his mission being accomplished, he might have expected to receive well-merited honours, and have leisure to enjoy them, he was struck down by that fell complaint, dysentery. His constitution, though naturally strong, had been too severely tried during the last three months, to withstand such an attack. Three days after the release from the city, he died. Alumbagh received his remains, and, in order that the enemy should not be able to disturb their rest, the grave was reluctantly left, during this troubled time, unmarked.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE CAMP UNDER OUTRAM.

HAVING now done the principal part of our work at Lucknow, by relieving the garrison, and bringing out the women and children, whom the natives had sworn (even if the garrison were able to cut its way out), should never escape their clutches, the question was, 'what would be done next?' Some said that we should at once take possession of the whole town, but others drew attention to the fact that the Kaiserbagh, the only really formidable thing not already in our hands, was being made stronger than ever by the niggers, who, seeing that we had not taken advantage of the breach we had made in its wall, had returned in increased numbers, had built it up, and were bringing in guns as fast as possible. But it was generally thought that Sir Colin would double back on Cawnpore, which we heard was not safe, as the Gwalior force had threat-

ened the town, they having 6,000 men and a 'second-class' siege train, about 40 guns. In the mean time, a number of the guns, which we could not carry away from the town, were being burst. This was the only plan to be pursued with the enemy; any other method of making the guns unserviceable was remedied by the ingenious natives, who would very cleverly patch them up, and make good use of them against us.

All night of the 20th, the guns which were worth taking were being brought out of the town, and camels, laden with the royal jewels of Oude and the treasure which had been left there, passed by: if I mistake not, the treasure amounted to twenty-three lacs of rupees. The same night Sir Colin, whose exertions throughout those trying days had never flagged, who seemed always present, and ever ready to share both danger and fatigue with his men, came up to where we lay on picket, and lay down by the side of the road, to take a few hours rest. Still, like a vigilant watch-dog, the slightest sound would arouse his attention; continually he started up as the noise of wheels or of the passing of an escort was heard, and walking forward, would ask what it was. The only thing which he did *not* do thoroughly was to sleep!



The next day (the 21st) we did little except shift our picket to the other side of the road, where there was rather better cover ; but the whole of that day and the following one, baggage, stores, &c. were being brought out of the town as rapidly as possible. However, we still remained uncertain what we were next to do. It was only about noon on the 22nd that we were told that the town was to be evacuated before midnight. Captain M—— passed by in charge of the state prisoners, among whom was the young Rajah of Toolsepore, who had already distinguished himself by his perfidy and cruelty ; and the brother of the King of Oude, a cut-throat looking villain, with as disagreeable a countenance as ever I beheld, sitting cross-legged in a palanquin. A curious scene occurred as they passed. They halted and waited for a sergeant, who was escorting a prisoner, to come up. The sergeant appeared with the escort only.

‘Where’s your prisoner?’ asked M——.

‘We’ve shot him, sir!’

‘Shot him!’ exclaimed the captain, with an astonished look.

‘Yes, sir ; he would not come on, so we shot him dead.’

The escort passed on. By ten o’clock all the guns we could carry away were withdrawn. The only

arm kept to the last was a rocket battery, which sent forth a rocket occasionally, just to make the niggers believe that we were all right and proceeding with the siege. . Our pickets had received orders to wait till the garrison had passed out, and cover the retreat as far as the Segundrabagh. At midnight out it came, the men marching as orderly and as regularly as if at home ; the rest of our brigade\* (the 4th, under Colonel Hope, which had been quartered in the 'Motee Mahall,') followed the garrison. Then we ourselves came. The enemy occasionally fired into the Residency as usual, but were otherwise quiet. Having arrived at the Segundrabagh without any incident, we were all up and began our retreat\* to 'Dil-Khoosha,' which, after a great deal of wandering in the darkness, we gained at last, about half-past three. Then we stretched ourselves on the ground and slept. From sleep we were aroused, about eight o'clock, by the most horrible screaming and yelling inside the enclosure of the 'Martinière,' which Sir Colin had made his head-quarters. We perceived a white cloud rising before us, and it appeared that some men who had been sauntering in the enclosure, had come upon some bags of powder there. One of them accidentally dropped some hot ashes out of his pipe on the powder, and the whole party was blown up ! They

were dreadfully burnt and scorched, and were taken to the hospital, but only survived a few days.

In the middle of the day we were ordered on to guard the wall on the other side of the Dil-Khoosha, and there we stayed the night. The niggers had been very quiet all day. Our men, on retiring out of the town, had left their lights burning, and everything remained in the same state as if they still tenanted the beleagured works. The enemy went on complacently firing all night and till the following afternoon, little imagining that the birds had flown!

An officer, attached to the garrison, had been left fast asleep in one of the rooms; on awaking he quietly passed out of the town, going straight to the Dil-Khoosha, without meeting a soul! In the evening some niggers were seen on the top of the Mess-house, and afterwards others appeared on the roof of the Residency. The first thing they did was to wreak their vengeance on the semaphore. Added to the pleasure we felt at having relieved the garrison, came our intense satisfaction at having 'regularly done' these the most wily of all people!

Early in the morning of the 24th our detachment paraded, and a general order by Sir Colin was read to the men. In it he thanked the army for its exertions in enabling him to set at liberty the

women, children, and soldiers so long confined at Lucknow. He spoke of the same men again and again going on to fresh attacks, under a fire heavier than he had ever before experienced, &c. It was altogether a very good address. Then Colonel Adrian Hope, the Brigadier, rode up and addressed us on our leaving his brigade, thanking us, &c. He did it very gracefully. We gave him three cheers when he had finished. He was a splendid fellow and an excellent soldier, and had become a great favourite with us all. He was a young man, too, one of the right sort for a commander, in whom youthful pluck and dash are as necessary as veteran experience. Unfortunately, his career was too early closed; he was killed, while attacking a fort, a few months later.

We were now sent to join the head-quarters of our regiment, which was in the second (or General Outram's) division, and then under the command of Colonel Purnell. What a change had taken place here in the regiment since I saw it last in the Himalaya, leaving the Cape!

Colonel Campbell—an active, dashing officer, and who in the Crimea had gained the only success of any note in which the English had had it *all to themselves*, the taking of the Quarries (and for which,

though he was a very young man, he was made C.B. and full colonel) had been shot through the leg, and did not long survive the amputation which followed. To this thorough soldier, such a death, in the height of his fame (closing a brilliant though brief career), seemed not inappropriate. Another, as fitted to shine in the drawing-room as he would have been distinguished in the battle-field, Captain Denison, also died after submitting to amputation, consequent on his being severely wounded in the right arm. Preston, too, always grave and reserved : perhaps he had seen the winding-sheet slowly rising above his own head, for his brother, who had fallen in the Crimea, had certainly had a presentiment on the eve of the attack on the Bedan, that he should not survive that day. We had also lost Chute ; the amiable delicate boy, too young for *roughing* it, had sunk under disease ; Barnston and Nunn, whom I have mentioned elsewhere ; Graham, the first of 'ours' killed, shot through the head in the march up to the Alumbagh ; Perrin, Moultrie, and Assistant-Surgeon Nelson, had all left blanks !

The army began to leave the Dil-Khoosha on the morning of the 25th ; the women, children, sick and wounded, and the stores, having gone on the previous day. The second brigade covered the retreat. As

we withdrew our guns from the front, the enemy advanced along the Martinière grounds, and gave us some parting shots.

After a very hot and dusty march we found ourselves safe again on the plain in the rear of the Alumbagh. By the 28th, the army, with the exception of General Outram's division, had marched away towards Cawnpore : we were left behind to hold the Lucknow people at bay, and keep the ground until the Commander-in-Chief should return with a larger force, and regularly lay siege to the place.

General Outram's division was composed of what was left of the 5th, 78th, 84th, 90th, and Captain Brasyer's regiment of Sikhs, in two brigades, under Colonels Hamilton and Stisted. The artillery, which included Captain Maude's battery (Queen's) and that of Captain Olphert's (Bengal), was under the command of Major Vincent Eyre. Major Robertson's battalion of military train, which now acted as light horse, and some of the 12th native irregulars, composed our cavalry.

We now experienced the agreeable change of sleeping in tents, which seemed comfortable in comparison with lying at night out in the open air, at this season. A few days later, we learnt that Sir Colin had just arrived at Cawnpore in time to save

the place, at that moment under the command of the so-called 'Hero of the Redan.' The town had been attacked by the Gwalior mutineers, who had been besieging it for three days, when Sir Colin came up, completely routed them, and pursued them, capturing a large number of their guns, and a quantity of plunder, which they had collected. For some days we had heard heavy firing in that direction; and though forty-two miles off, supposed it must be at Cawnpore. The coast being now tolerably clear, thanks to Sir Colin's promptitude and determination, the sick and wounded proceeded to Allahabad, under the escort of a brigade.

Our life now at Alumbagh, for some time, was little varied from day to day. In the face of a large body of the enemy, it was necessary to be ever vigilant, and consequently we had a great deal of picket duty. One day I was sent on picket near Jellalabad, which was a curious old native fort in ruins, with rounded bastions; and what remained of its high walls showed it had been made of earthwork, faced with brick, which was now peeling off. It was a picturesque object situated among trees, and covered with moss and creepers. This fort was now completely peopled by monkeys, some of which being seen perched on the top of a wall, and standing out in

relief against the sky, were once amusingly mistaken by some of our men for niggers. .

General Outram, at this time, went about with a small escort to the surrounding villages, encouraging the natives to bring in milk, provisions, &c., to the camp, assuring them that unarmed people would not be molested. Unfortunately, he was not very successful in his attempts to persuade them, the natives either fearing the vengeance of the Sepoys, or believing us to be as treacherous as themselves. About December 20th, a convoy arrived from Cawnpore, and brought a confirmation of the news that that town had just been saved in time by Sir Colin. It brought also much less agreeable intelligence, rumours of which had reached us some days previously, namely, that all the baggage which we had left at Cawnpore had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and had been destroyed. It will be remembered that we had left Cawnpore carrying clothing sufficient only for four or five days, we having received orders to leave the rest, as we were to return immediately. Thus the little property I had been able to save from the wreck of the Transit, consisting of family relics which I could carry in my pockets, and the outfit I had bought at Calcutta, were all lost. All this baggage had been left in the



assembly-rooms and some adjoining buildings of Cawnpore ; and these were the first places to fall into the hands of the mutineers. Another little disappointment occurred, more difficult perhaps to bear with temper, than even the loss of our property. On examining the mail, we found, instead of letters to ourselves, only a number addressed to men, either dead, or far away from Lucknow and its neighbourhood. It was evident how the mistake had occurred, from the careful selection which had been made of letters *not* addressed to those in the camp : in the hurry of the moment, one bag had been substituted for the other.

About the close of the month, two events occurred to break the monotony of our daily routine : the first was an attack on the enemy—the second was our being sent on convoy duty to Cawnpore, to bring back provisions. This little affair with the enemy reminded me of a Highland foray in the olden time, when a border chief pounced down on his lowland neighbour, and ‘lifted’ his cattle, and anything else worth taking.

One afternoon, it was whispered about that something unusual was to be done on the morrow. The time when we generally received orders from headquarters about what would take place the following

day, came and passed by without anything particular; but at eleven o'clock at night I was awoke with — 'Orders, please, sir!' These simply stated that a party of a thousand men, including cavalry and two guns, were to parade at half-past two in the morning. All sorts of speculations were hazarded as to what the expedition was to do, and where to go; but we had sufficient knowledge of Outram to feel certain that an effective blow would be struck at the enemy. The time appointed came: it was rather dark, and very cold. We were marched off in silence; not a word was to be spoken. We were being led off towards the left flank of the enemy. Another whisper that we were about to take a battery. A heavy mist favouring our movements, by daybreak we had got close to the enemy without being found out. We had approached within thirty yards of their entrenchment when two sentinels challenged:—

'Hookumdar?' No answer: so they again challenged, and 'bang, bang' went their pieces, while they raised a loud cry to alarm the camp. We lost no time in forming line. Crash! went one of their guns, and a shower of grape saluted our left. With a loud yell rather than a cheer, we rushed forward; the niggers retired, followed close by us, while bullets and shot whizzed from both sides. At last

they turned and ran, pursued by our cavalry: four guns, and ten of their ammunition wagons, complete, fell into our hands. We went through the village a little in rear of their entrenchment. The enemy had been evidently taken quite by surprise: their oat cakes were being cooked, and their women and children were still about their household occupations.

These, with a few old men whom we found, we drove away unharmed; then we set fire to the village, and carried away all we could find—soldiers leading, or rather dragging, goats and sheep, might be seen in all directions; some had bullocks, one had a pig, and almost everybody carried a bundle of vegetables under his arm. In one of the houses an officer found a heap of unopened letters, taken from some dâk which had been stopped, among which, curiously enough, was a letter addressed to himself! About mid-day we quietly retired, having suffered but a very small loss, and having annihilated a strong force which had been organised to intercept the next convoy which should return laden from Cawnpore. Sir James Outram, upon this, as upon every other occasion, proved ‘up’ to the ‘niggers.’ As we were leisurely returning with the spoil, we observed a large body of the enemy advancing

towards the burning village, intending probably to succour their comrades. When they saw they were too late, however, they halted and retraced their steps.

On the 23rd, I started for Cawnpore on escort duty, with my company. The journey took about three days, marching about fifteen miles a day. The first night we halted at 'Bunnee Bridge,' which had now a small garrison—about two hundred men; the second night we spent at 'Busserit-Gunge,' one of those quaint little villages so common in India, completely walled round, and through the centre of which runs the high road. It was almost deserted, and merely used by us as a halting-place in our journeys backwards and forwards from Alumbagh. We met with no obstacle on our way, and, on the third night, reached our destination—Cawnpore. How changed I found this town!

The last time I had seen it, I had remarked what fine buildings were still left, and what beautiful country there was around it. Now, scarcely a house remained standing, and the whole country was a scene of devastation. After the attack made by the Gwalioris on the town, and their repulse by Sir Colin, it was thought advisable, for the preservation of our own camp (so as to allow no shelter to the enemy should they again attack us) to level all the houses

for more than a mile round. This demolition included the European portion of the town: the native, the bazaar part, being some distance off, was still left standing. I visited the latter part of the town, and roamed through the bazaar. Each part of the city had its own workmen and wares. Did you want boots and shoes?—a certain quarter must be sought. Vegetables were in one street, while candlestick and lamp-makers had a street to themselves. Jewellers, too, from whom you might get anything, from a watch seal to a nose-ring, had their own quarter, and everything was very dear.

I went to the spot where the women and children had been murdered, and found no trace left of the horrible massacre. When the Gwaliors arrived at Cawnpore, their first act was to cut down the tree, pull down the small houses (standing witnesses of atrocious deeds so damaging to themselves) and whitewash the ground all about. They left untouched the cross which had been erected near *the* well:—strange, that the symbol of the faith they so much hated and persecuted should have thus escaped!

For many years to come, the name of Cawnpore will naturally be associated in every mind with the most heart-sickening and horrible of tragedies. To me, personally, it recalls a great loss and a deep sorrow,

the death of Major Barnston, of which I first heard on my arrival here. On entering the town, I met a friend belonging to the 34th. He asked me to go with him and have something to eat. In his quarters, I found some officers who were talking of a 'sale of officer's effects,' which was about to take place. 'What sale?' asked I. 'Major Barnston's,' was the reply. 'Good God! you don't mean that he is dead!' 'Yes; he died a few days ago, and his things are to be sold to-morrow.'

I was never more shocked in my life; he was the best fellow I had ever known. When I had last seen him at 'Dil-Khoosha,' he was going on very well, and was in good spirits. We were all, therefore, totally unprepared for this dreadful change. It appears that, like almost all in this campaign who received even a slight wound, he had gone on in very much the same state for some weeks, giving everybody great hopes of his recovery—and then suddenly sunk—he fell a victim to the treacherous climate about six weeks after he had received his wound. By the death of Major Barnston, I may say that many lost their best friend, society a true gentleman, and the service one of its brightest ornaments.

## CHAPTER IX,

## CAMP AMUSEMENTS.

‘NEW Year’s Day’ of 1858 found us still in camp before Alumbagh. In order to provide amusement for the men, the officers had subscribed together to institute races and games, in which all the force could join and compete for prizes. On the afternoon of January 1st, therefore, almost all the division, including Sir James Outram himself, assembled on the open space to the left of the camp, to witness various trials of strength and dexterity.

The Sikhs figured prominently in the entertainment. They showed themselves very active in the wrestling, but their quoit-throwing was even more wonderful.

A turban, placed on the top of a stick, was stuck up some hundred yards distant from the marksman. A Sikh came forward, holding in his hand a missile of the shape of our quoit, only it was

broad in diameter, flat and thin, and ground as sharp as possible at its outer edge. Placing this quoit on his right fore-finger, he twirled it rapidly round until it attained great rotatory motion; then, quickly seizing it between his finger and thumb, he shied it horizontally at the turban, and was certain of hitting his mark. In the hand of an expert Sikh, this missile proves a most formidable weapon; it can be sent very swiftly to a great distance, and can inflict a very severe cut. It was used against us in the Sutlej campaign. A quoit of this description may generally be descried peeping from under the folds of a Sikh's turban.

After the 'quoit-throwing' followed a hackery, or native cart-race. This was a very amusing spectacle, from the fact that the bullocks, disturbed and goaded on by their drivers out of their usual propriety, would break loose, and rush about the field in every direction, leaving, perhaps, an old, slow, but sure team, quietly to walk to the winning-post when the course was clear. Then came sack-racing, and this, with 'hunting the bell,' &c., filled up the remaining hours of the afternoon.

In the evening, about seven o'clock, rolls after rolls of musketry, followed by the heavy booming of guns, were heard in the direction of Lucknow.



The alarm was consequently sounded in our camp, and the inlying pickets were sent out, to support our outposts, as we fancied the enemy had at last plucked up courage to attack us. ' It turned out that they had all the firing to themselves ; they had not advanced, and we did not fire a single shot ! About midnight, the firing died away again.

All this time we had been blessed with very good health, and now there was no want of the necessaries of life. Occasionally, I could procure a fowl for dinner, at the cost of two rupees, or some quails, which were brought in by natives. Milk and butter could be obtained every morning ; a morsel of the latter, about the size of a bagatelle-ball, costing about a shilling. Spinach and green peas were plentiful, and sometimes we got grapes, which were brought in flat wooden boxes, packed between layers of cotton wool, from Cabul, by tall handsome fellows, with magnificent hair and beards. As it seemed contrary to their creed ever to change their garments, the dirt of their persons and dress may be imagined, but hardly described. It was ludicrous, on passing through the camp at meal-times, occasionally to see one of our soldiers eating his dinner from a handsome piece of porcelain, bearing the royal arms, which had most probably been used by the King of

Oude, and which had been found in one of the palaces of Lucknow. It is strange that a creature, which few of the Indian potentates would have any opportunities of seeing alive of any size, I mean the fish, should have been selected as the emblem of royal authority in these inland realms. It is sculptured on the gateways of the royal palaces; it figures on the coins of both Delhi and Oude; and it is even to be traced on the porcelain and utensils of the royal establishments.

The Hindoo seems little prepared to cope with any deviation in the way of climate, from what he is generally accustomed to. The advent of the wintry blast in one year, does not apparently suggest to him to prepare for it in another. It was now the depth of an Indian winter, and, although the climate in the day-time was that of an English summer, and we could go out without inconvenience, the nights were often freezing. How our poor native servants contrived to pass the night outside our tents, sheltered only by the eaves, and with no other covering than their white cotton clothing about them, I cannot tell: they seemed to expect, if one may judge from their reluctance to mould their habits to different circumstances, that theirs was to be a life of perpetual sunshine. Probably indeed in the cold,

they regularly stupefied themselves by the constant smoking of 'bang' (a mixture of opium and tobacco) in their 'hubble-bubbles,' some of which might be heard at any time during the night.

All went on as usual till Tuesday, the 12th. The previous day, I had walked along the left flank of our position to a village on our left front, to observe the defences, which we had made very strong. This village was connected with our 'left flank picket' by a parapet and broad ditch. An abatis, in its turn, joined the 'left flank' to a ruined village on the 'left rear,' where a strong guard was always kept.

Rumours had circulated, among us all day, of an attack meditated by the Sepoys. A Soubadar Major had given himself up to us, declaring that the Sepoys had received no pay for three months, and were miserably off. Our 'friend,' Maun Singh, who, by-the-by, to the close of the campaign, seems impartially to have bestowed his 'friendship' by turns on one party and to the other — was reported to be extremely wrath that nothing had been done, and had ordered an assault on us the next day. So by daylight on the 12th, everything was ready to give the enemy a warm reception.

At half-past eight news was brought that the

enemy was advancing in large masses, with colours flying. • It may be mentioned, that though they held us in such detestation, they still stuck to the colours we had given them, and used the bugle-calls learnt in our service !

We immediately turned out ; the enemy advanced to take us on our left flank, but found a serious obstruction in the parapet we had lately thrown up, and lined with some of our companies. Olphert's horse battery met them in the open ; we allowed the enemy to come close up to us, and then gave them a volley. They retired, the battery telling fearfully upon them. On they came again, however, within three hundred yards of the guns : they then, after receiving two rounds of grape and the contents of our rifles, bolted, not again to return that day ! The greatest amount of fighting had been at Jellalabad, on our right ; however, the enemy had soon brought their grand attack to an inglorious conclusion, they having lost a great many men (acknowledged by them to be between 300 or 400 in number) while we escaped with only four or five men injured.

On the 15th I went on 'cattle guard,' which consisted in going out some distance from the camp, and with a few Sikhs, guarding a number of elephants, while they fed on the sugar-canes. It was no little

relief to find oneself riding through green fields and woods, rambling among trees, the size of which showed their great age; and to know that the camp with its monotonous work, its dull routine, its discipline and its pickets, was left a long way behind. For the time one felt a free man, and it was only the sullen booming of the cannon in the distance that reminded me that all was not in reality so peaceful and joyous as it appeared. Of course we kept a sharp look-out for the enemy, but they were never inclined to interfere, and when we had gone far enough, I was able to get off my pony, and, sitting under a tree, indulge in the soothing and intellectual occupation of munching a sweet and juicy sugar-cane.

At one time, while I was looking up into the tree, I saw a large ball of green leaves, all nicely joined together by the edges. I fancied I was about to secure a great prize — some wonder connected with insect life. I carefully broke from the bough the tempting green ball, when, to my dismay, thousands of red ants issued from it, and covered my hands and arms: before I could shake them off, I had been stung severely. A Sikh ran up to help me to get rid of my tormentors, and performed a sort of war dance over the ball, until all its denizens must have been crushed to death. It proved

to be a kind of ants'-nest, of which I had never heard before. •

On the 16th, I was sent on picket at the left-front village: that day the enemy made a general attack, and came in great numbers. There were two small topes of trees on our left, in which we had always kept a handful of men. The enemy entered the farther one, drove our skirmishers out of that nearer to us, and appeared all along the left flank and our front. In the course of the day, they advanced two or three times, and then seemed to retire to their lines, still holding the farther tope, in which a number of trees had been felled but not removed. Sheltered by these, the enemy kept up a heavy fire, pouring shot and shell into the village all day, having managed to plant a gun in the tope. About eight o'clock in the evening, the great attack took place.

After the 'assembly,' the 'double,' and 'advance,' had been sounded over and over again, by at least four or five different bugles, and after the squeaking musical instruments, used by the Hindoo priests on grand occasions, had been blown — followed by loud cheering and yelling, 'Chelow, beradar' — ( ' go on, brother,') 'Lal-lal-lal,' &c., they came on into the nearer tope. We could distinctly hear them talking and ramming home their pieces. On our side, not a

sound was to be heard, not a shot was fired. We could see them creeping slowly, nudging each other on, leaving the tope behind them, and timidly approaching our batteries, until they were little more than sixty yards off. 'Why don't they make a rush at us?' everybody asked himself. With their numbers they might have swept us off the face of the earth! But the opportunity was lost. 'Fire!' was the order, and into their body we poured a volley from the 100 rifles of our picket, as well as two discharges of grape and a shell from the batteries! There was a pause — a suppressed murmur — a fatal hesitation what they should do — lasting long enough to give us time to load again, and pour into them a second volley. Then all was over: those who were alive fled in the greatest confusion, and it was said never ceased running till they had left us three good miles behind them. As it was their custom to carry away the wounded, and the bodies of the slain if possible, we could not then tell what effect our pieces had had. After they had retired, we wandered over the ground near the topes, and found a few dead bodies, some pools of blood, and heaps of shoes, which had been kicked off, lying about everywhere. The next morning we heard from the spies that the enemy had lost in the course of the day 250 men, among

whom were six superior officers. One of these was their Adjutant-General, who was taken prisoner at Jellalabad.

He had come boldly a long way in advance of his men, being dressed as Hunooman, the monkey-god, thinking to scare us, and was severely wounded. He said to us afterwards, that '*there were two lacs and a half of fellows in Lucknow, but no men.* I led them on and was wounded; they did not even succour me, or carry me away, but left me to die the death of a dog.'

• Our loss in this attack of the enemy was only seven or eight men. A capital story was told me, about this time, of a man named Joe Collins, and an assistant-surgeon, which is worth giving. When Havelock's force entered Lucknow, Collins was wounded: he fell in a very exposed situation, where grape and shot were flying about like hail. B——, the assistant-surgeon, went to help him; but Collins resisted, and was heard to say:

'I've read the History of England, and know how to die for my country!' The surgeon rejoined: 'I don't care, I *will* do my duty.' Whizz went the shot. Sh-sh went the grape—a dooly was brought.

'I won't get into a dooly; I've read the History of



England. I *will* die for my country!’ again said Collins.

Then the other—‘Yes, yes, I *will* do my duty; I don’t care, you *shall* get into a dooly.’

The assistant-surgeon at last carried the day, and Joe Collins still *lives*, I hope, for his country, and to read the History of England.

We were told to expect an attack from the enemy on Tuesday the 19th, but they probably thought better of it, as we were left in peace. Many reasons were assigned for this delay, amusing reports being brought in by our spies. One story was, that the niggers had told their Commander-in-chief, that if he would lead them on, they would go anywhere with him, but he declared such a position would be far too dangerous for him; his part was only to make the arrangements, and send them on. On this they declined to go. Another report said, that the ‘moulvie,’ or chief priest, had declared that the time for attacking us was past: the Commander-in-chief, on the contrary, thought it had not yet arrived. But the third report was the most probable: it was that the Sepoys had all formed ready for the attack, but declared they would not stir a step without first receiving their pay.

On the 22nd, a party, including a hundred of our

men, were sent down towards 'Bunnee Bridge,' to meet the 34th regiment, and bring back ammunition, and a number of guns, &c. This was the first contribution sent by Sir Colin towards the reduction of Lucknow. This day, too, we had a 'dust-storm.'

Those who have never left England can scarcely know what dust can do towards making one wretchedly uncomfortable. After being six months without rain, and with a strong wind blowing from the west, a dust-storm is something fearful: it blinds you, it chokes you, it penetrates anything and everything, and fills your tent and portmanteaus. Sometimes there may be a lull; then, perhaps, the wind playfully catches up leaves, straw, sand—anything, in fact, in its way, and whirling these round and round, forms them into a column, which rushes along with great rapidity. It would be a comfort, on such occasions, if one could be put, traps and all, under a glass case, and left there during the storm. It may be imagined how anxiously we looked to see the clear sky overcast, that we might welcome the rain, which generally falls at this season, for two or three days: every drop of it was precious, for, until the months of August and September, it was all that fell during the remainder of the year. Our fords were all dried up; the upper soil was reduced to

powder, the roads and the parade-grounds were six inches, at least, deep in dust, and 'when there was a wind we were almost reduced to a state of blindness and suffocation.

The long-wished-for rain came at last on the 25th, in April showers, sunshine and shower mingling, and making the air fresh, with the warmth of spring only. After all, the 'perpetual summer-time,' so favoured by poets, is not a thing to be sighed for in reality. I felt this, especially about this time, when the heat again began to set in; one longed for the seasons to be a little more distinctly marked; to know something of snow and frost, and even to be bitten by the treacherous east wind of the north, to see Nature revive after her enforced torpor, during the winter, in preference even to the pleasure of having delicate flowers, of every hue and form, growing out in the open air, all the year round.

The monotony of our days was now becoming almost unbearable. Unable to leave the camp, not a book to be had in it (for we had left Cawnpore with little else than the clothing on our backs), there was hardly anything to be done off duty but to sleep, or listlessly wander from tent to tent. At last, one day, I was told that a soldier had been seen with a book in his hand. I eagerly caught at the idea of

possessing this treasure, and sending for the man, found, to my intense delight, that the book was an old copy of Shakspeare, which he had found in one of the palaces of Lucknow. The pleasure felt by its original owner could not by any means have equalled mine, when I found the soldier willing to make it over to me for a 'consideration.' Many a weary month was beguiled by this, which became my constant companion, night as well as day. I was so careful of it, and also so aware of the temptations it offered, that I even slept with it beneath my head; and with the most arrant but necessary selfishness refused to trust it out of my sight, by lending it for one second.

## CHAPTER X.

## 'A GRAND ATTACK.'

WHILE waiting for more stirring work, we began making our preparations for the coming hot season, by constructing stables for our horses and some kind of shelter for our servants. Grass and sticks, plastered with mud, we found the best materials for this purpose. In this climate the stable answers the double purpose of affording protection from the sun by day, and from the dew at night. While I was in the Crimea, I had built a good warm stable for my horse; and living myself in a tent, through which one could almost see, the canvas was so thin, I often envied my beast his comfortable quarters in that bitterly cold, freezing winter. In India I had become so accustomed to living in a tent, or in the open air, that at last I began to feel it would be difficult to resign oneself to a more civilized mode of life — inhabiting a house, which could not be pulled down and put up again at will, to say nothing of having to go up and down stairs occasionally.

I was now so fortunate, as to be sent on picket to a small ruined village, about a mile on the 'left rear' of the camp. Here I escaped all annoyances; among them, the clouds of dust from which we had all suffered so much. I had a snug little house to myself and the guard close at hand, and was my own master. We were quite in the country; beyond us were large ponds, frequented at night by every description of wild fowl, ducks, wild geese and snipe, &c. Perched on the tamarind trees near would be a number of green parroquets uttering their sharp cries—doves cooing all day long—beautiful birds with light blue wings, bordered with bands of a much darker hue, and indeed an endless variety of the feathered tribe. On the ground, or up the trees, grey squirrels chased each other about, without showing any sign of fear of us. Not very far from our picket was a Hindoo temple. Almost all the village temples are alike, being low and octagonal, and surmounted by a dome, large in proportion to the rest of the building. The interior is painted over with representations, reminding one of the Egyptian and Assyrian figures—the same rude outlines, and the same absence of perspective. Here is a human figure, bull-headed—there, another bearing an elephant's ponderous front on its shoulders; a little farther on are

winged figures, probably good genii ; while another of dark colour, with bat-like wings and two horns, may represent the 'old gentleman' of the story. Then the sun is depicted riding in his chariot drawn by a horse with six heads—a method of painting six horses abreast—a peculiar way, saving trouble to the artist. Warriors with helmets and armed with swords and spears, savouring more of the Greek than of the Hindoo mythology, mingle somewhat incongruously with the picture of a crowned god with four arms, wearing a necklace of serpents and similar pleasant-looking reptiles on his wrists as bracelets. On a bed of serpents, which arch themselves above his head as if to protect him from danger, reclines another figure ; while the Hindoos show their slight respect for the fair sex by representing the women only as performing menial offices, or as attending on the other personages. In the centre of each Hindoo temple is a receptacle for the sacrifices, while outside, a pleasant shade is afforded to the worshippers by the grove of mango trees, which are valuable in a pecuniary point of view to the old priest who sells the fruit of them, and is often very rich. 'Mangos, indeed, produce so regular and so remunerative a crop that a tax is levied upon them. '

The tower of an adjacent house, near our picket,

we had left standing, and we used it as a 'look out.' From its summit was a most extensive view of the whole country, and thence I descried a large convoy, apparently interminable, with its hundreds of carts and thousands of camels, coming in towards the encamping ground. One might have fancied that the large army, the wants of which it was sent to supply, would have had enough to do to guard it alone, independently of the work of attacking an enemy. The Sepoys seemed to be of the same opinion, for on the 15th they sent out their cavalry to cut off a portion of the train, but on being somewhat roughly handled by our artillery, they retired empty-handed. I remember that it was on this day we were cheered by the news of the fall of Canton and of the capture of that old rogue, Yeh.

Nothing of much importance occurred again until the 21st of this month, if one may be allowed to pass over so slightly a partial attack from the enemy on the 16th. On the 18th I was sent on picket to the old quarters, where we had been before we went to the relief of Lucknow—the Alumbagh enclosure, in rear and on each side of which was our camp. When I was here before, the palace was full of wounded officers and soldiers left by Havelock; now we had a strong picket in it. Trenches and zigzags



connected now the centre building with the front gateway and the corner turrets, and the enclosure had altogether become a strong position. I liked the place : it was so quiet, if one might call it so when shot was whizzing about all day ; but when there is nothing else to disturb one, one soon gets accustomed to that. There was very little of the fine garden left now, but we discovered a few roses still blooming here and there, refreshing the hot air with their sweet perfume.

On February 21st, at three o'clock in the morning, the 'grand attack,' which was to sweep us from the face of the earth and strike terror into the 'Feringhees,' and show the Commander-in-chief how hopeless was the idea of subjugating the country, was heralded by the firing of some of the enemy's heavy guns. A shot or two struck the centre building. At seven o'clock the enemy came on at all points. We rushed to the roof of the palace to look out. Yes ! there they were, collected among the trees and ruins ; a host of figures in white, together with some cavalry, and here and there the red coat and belt of a Sepoy might be descried. Then the firing from every gun and musket available commenced, and then the advance. They come on in clouds into the "open" towards us, and some suddenly disappeared — (within the last months they had cut

trenches, and were sapping up to us)—every shrub and tree was lined by them.

'No sham now! they are coming on in earnest. Go to your posts,' calls out Tinling, our commanding officer, to us. I went off to mine, a little mosque on the other side of the main road; certainly, they seemed to mean mischief. On looking round I saw that the whole of our camp had turned out; the enemy on their side were swarming out like bees from a hive, dashing here and there, bringing up fresh guns and rattling away with their muskets and matchlocks. We reserved our fire as much as possible, till they should approach near enough, for it to do good execution. I was beset with eager demands, such as 'Oh, sir! look at that nigger in the long grass, I think I could hit him if you 'll let me try.' Presently the enemy crept up to some cut-down wood, about five hundred yards in our front, and showed themselves openly in large numbers. Here there was a chance of doing something with our rifles, so we began; but, to our disgust, the white figures disappeared for a time, and when they showed themselves again did so very cautiously. Here they had made good use of the spade, and had formed quite a *place d'armes*. They felt perfectly safe, never dreaming that they could be outflanked.

At the nearest corner turret to us were two guns, which had hitherto been playing on another band of the enemy. I sent to ask if these might be turned on the timber near me, and my request being acceded to—'Sh-sh-sh' went two rounds of grape, thoroughly searching the trench and felled wood. The host of niggers which issued from their lair and scampered across the open field towards their lines, reminded me of a flock of wild geese all rising from the water at the same moment on being disturbed. Now our rifles had a chance, and we made some capital shots. Before this, my attention had been directed to a glittering object, half way up a high tree, in the centre of the enemy's position: this I made out, by the aid of my glass, to be a man with a telescope, who was evidently giving information of what was going on on our side, and directing their operations.

On the 'right rear' picket the enemy had not been more successful than on our side. They had advanced within two hundred and fifty yards, and were dosed with grape to such an extent that their attempt to turn our rear was never again repeated. In the evening, after having done nothing more than 'put in a very good appearance,' they drew off. Afterwards the spies came in to Sir James, and reported that scaling ladders had been made, which were to

have been used against the Alumbagh. The 'Delhi fellows' had led on all the former attacks; this time the Oude irregulars had to go first. The Delhi people were to follow and to shoot those of the irregulars who might show the white feather!

The next day was passed quietly, but on Wednesday, the 24th, we heard firing on the left in the direction of General Grant's column, which was coming up; he was said to be besieging some chief in his stronghold. General Outram with all the cavalry and some guns, went out in this direction and returned in the evening. More troops, both cavalry and infantry, came up to us from Cawnpore. At night a great deal of heavy firing was heard from Lucknow: we were at first in doubt as to the cause of it, but it proved afterwards to be in celebration of a great festival among the natives. As the commissariat was moving into Jellalabad, and carriage had been supplied to regiments, and every preparation seemed made for a start, we supposed something of importance was very soon to take place. The next day General Outram went out beyond Jellalabad with some cavalry, and captured two guns from the enemy; who, led by the Begum, Huzrut Máhul, the wife of Wagid Alhi Shah, ex-king of Oude, had come in person out to do great deeds. Short work

was made of her party, a great many of whom were killed. When they found us pushing on them, the fair amazon and her suite, who were mounted on elephants, turned round and trotted back to Lucknow as fast as possible. Hardly had the Begüm retired, when the natives again advanced and attacked us along our front and left flank. They established themselves in the farther tope by the left front picket, and thence had actually the impudence to bestow grape upon us. At ten at night the firing had almost ceased, and we thought we should be allowed to pass the night in peace. At midnight, however, the heavy firing recommenced, but, finding the enemy did not advance any nearer, we contented ourselves with reinforcing our pickets. It seems that all the firing after midnight was kept up by the niggers, to cover the carrying away of their dead and wounded—an object which they were always desirous of attaining whenever it was possible.

I was again sent on picket, where I had only one companion, and that only when the sun shone: it was a brown lizard, about six inches long, with bright brown eyes, barred with black. When everything was still (it went away at the slightest noise) I would look up from my writing, and there it was sunning itself on the door of my hut, generally head down-

wards, watching the flies. Let one of them approach near, my little friend stretches out its neck, darts out its little tongue, unerringly seizes its prey, and then retires to prepare for a fresh assault upon its victims. I was quite sorry to leave my quiet retreat, and to return to the noise of the camp.

*March 1st.*—The Commander-in-chief paid a quiet visit to the camp. The army was now moving up to the attack, and it gave us no small pleasure to look at the fine, strong, and smart regiments lately come from England. Our old weather-beaten corps had dwindled away so much, and now looked, in dress at least, shabby in comparison. However, we were all healthy and in good spirits. It was thought that our division (the first) would be left at Alumbagh to guard the ammunition and stores, and keep the enemy in check on that side, allowing the regiments which had just come up to have their share of fighting; perhaps it was supposed we had nearly had ours, at least those of us who had been with Havelock in Lucknow.

Early on the morning of the 2nd, without giving notice to anybody, nearly surprising Outram in his bed, Sir Colm<sup>e</sup> moved up his troops, the second division, and went straight at the Dil-Khoosha. It fell an easy prey, the enemy retiring with the loss of

two guns. We were to have had a review in rear of the Alumbagh the following day, but Sir Colin had stolen a march on us all. During the next two days the third division (engineers, sappers, and cavalry) came up.

While I was on picket, on the evening of the 5th, Colonel Purnell, the field officer of the day, told me that our regiment were going to Dil-Khoosha; Sir Colin could not do without the 'old 90th.' To say the truth, we no longer wished to remain in the division, now that we had lost our great favourite, Sir James Outram, he having just been appointed to a corps-d'armée by Sir Colin.

This last night of our stay at Alumbagh we had some rain by way of a change, and the sky was so overcast that an impenetrable veil seemed spread between us and the moon, with her starry train. Presently, however, all was changed: the rain ceased, the bright moon shed her beams upon us, and a thousand silver and grey clouds floated over the sky, appearing like a number of bright islands on an azure sea.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE CAPTURE.

AFTER many turns and delays, we found ourselves, on March 7th, with the grand army under Sir Colin. We had started on our march the previous day, about 5.30 P.M., and were to go seven miles. We were nearly twelve hours on the road. The night was dark, we missed our way, the road was bad, and the baggage and carts continually broke down. At last we arrived at the camping-place marked out for us, in rear of the artillery park, tired, hot, dusty, and nearly blind, but thankful to be at a place of rest. Hardly had we congratulated ourselves upon this, when fresh orders were received, and we were packed off to another position, to be brigaded with the 42nd, 93rd, and a Sikh regiment, under Brigadier Hope, who had commanded us during the 'Relief.'

We now found ourselves encamped in a place a foot



deep with dust. As a sub, it was my duty to see the tents of the company pitched before I could seek any shelter for myself, and it was, therefore, nearly noonday before I was able to turn in. The dust, which now tormented us so much, and with which we made intimate acquaintance during our subsequent numerous marches, owed its pungency to the great amount of saltpetre which entered largely into the composition of the earth. Mouth, eyes, and nose smarted with pain under its influence, and it was no small relief to us to find ourselves the next day surrounded by green trees, when the whole regiment was sent on picket. We started at 4.45 P.M., and had to line some of the walls surrounding the Dil-Khoosha Park, outside of which were the enemy. I was sent with a subdivision, into a large enclosed mango tope, outside of which was a small ruined village which we had to guard.

The place was full of large monkeys, and I amused myself watching them climbing up and down the trees, running about the place, and scampering off if disturbed. When I laid down under the trees, then they were chattering over my head, and I was somewhat afraid lest they should, at an unwary moment, descend, and run away with some of my things. Some of them looked comical enough,

with their brown bodies and long white hair and beards, like venerable old men. In the morning, a whole procession of these creatures passed before me, in dignified array, the females and young monkeys bringing up the rear. While on this picket, we saw, for the first time, Jung Bahadour's Ghoorkas, who had just joined the army. True to their native instincts, they introduced themselves to us, as searching for plunder; in fact, the whole time they were with the force, and until they were escorted with their 'loot' to their own country, they did nothing else; perhaps they disliked fighting for its own sake, or considered it only waste of time in such a grand opportunity as the sacking of Lucknow afforded! They were very short men, wearing loose blue trousers, red jackets, green turbans with brass crescents in front, and were extremely dirty.

On the 9th, having been relieved by the 97th, we were sent, with the 42nd and 93rd, to take the Martinière, which, since our previous evacuation of the town, had been strongly fortified by the enemy. The 42nd were welcomed by a shower of grape and bullets; but we escaped with one man only being hit by a round shot. Without trouble we occupied the Martinière, and passed the night near it. As we approached the building I looked round, and

observed some natives, bearing poles on their shoulders, and others carrying coils of wire. The telegraph, forming a connecting link between Sir Colin and the Governor-General, was even under fire, following our steps.

During the night, the sailors made a battery opposite Bank's house, and in the morning commenced shelling from it. Our regiment was divided into detachments, on picket in different places. The enemy had three lines of defences; the first, having its right on Banks's house, and its left on the river, formed a long line of high loopholed ramparts, with bastions for guns, and having in front of all this a very wide and deep ditch filled with water from the Goomtie. To have taken this work from the front would have been difficult, and attended with great loss of life. The enemy never counted on the chance of our crossing the river, higher up, and taking their work in flank: they had not even lined their side of the river with any defence. General Outram came up on the opposite side of the Goomtie, and the enemy unable to hold this position abandoned it.

Banks' house was taken, and our adversaries driven, step by step, into their second line of defence, which included the Mess-house and the Begum's

palace, and now we steadily advanced towards the centre of the town. Meanwhile, my company was sent to cover the pontoon-bridge, which had been thrown across the river, just beyond the enemy's first line of works. For some hours, therefore, we had nothing to do but to protect ourselves from the sun, and watch the deep green water, which was so swiftly flowing on its way to the Ganges.

At night, all the companies, with the exception of mine and two others, were sent in advance to occupy a building near the Segundrabagh. Early on the morning of the 11th, our three companies received orders, first to cover some horse-guns, which were being used in the open, and then to go on picket at the Segundrabagh, where we found the 53rd. This regiment was sent towards evening to occupy the Shah Nujeef, which was discovered to be empty; but the regiment suffered so severely from the vigorous fire poured upon it at once by the enemy, that it was deemed advisable for it to withdraw, as no good could be gained by the sacrifice of valuable lives. The graves of our officers and men who had been buried in the enclosure at the Segundrabagh, we found had been desecrated and torn up by the niggers. Outside, in the open space, before the palace, I was on picket all night, and could watch

the beautiful effect of the shells, sent from Outram's batteries on one side, and those of the Commander-in-chief's on the other. Sometimes three or four passed through the air at the same moment, each illuminating with its bright light the darkness of the night, and then descending, with a deep booming sound, to explode on one devoted spot—the Kaiserbagh.

It was not until Sunday, the 14th, after two days of comparative rest, that the grand event of the campaign, the capture of Lucknow, took place.

Early in the morning we had heard a good deal of firing, and had noticed that two palaces, near the Begum Khotic, which had been previously taken by the 93rd and 90th, were in our hands, and that smoke and firing extended towards our front, and to the rear of the Mess-house. This latter building appeared to be empty.

About eleven o'clock, the 97th (which had relieved the 53rd), and our three companies, were ordered to march. Up one street and down another we passed, round by batteries, the guns of which still threatened us with their contents, over a bridge of loose planks, past burning timber we went, here and there being fired at by unseen hands. At last we reached the enclosure of the Kaiserbagh: here we found that the 90th, by one entry, and the 10th and

Brasyer's Sikhs by another, had been the first to enter the palace.\*

It seems that a few of our men at the 'left front' palaces had noticed that the enemy, owing to some panic, were running away from one of their batteries. Our men immediately gave chase, came to a gun deserted by the niggers, turned it round as quick as thought, and from it saluted its former friends with a discharge of grape: then on again they advanced, not allowing the enemy a moment to rally; close at their heels they followed, round corners, over batteries and ditches; not even giving the flying foe time to pull away the plank bridges behind them—never stopping until they found themselves in the central and coveted part of the Kaiserbagh! There we joined them, fresh troops were poured in, and the whole was secured. •

Over and over again the enemy tried to get back what they had so fatally lost; but we were not to be moved. In truth, after the events of the last few days, following so quickly and so unexpectedly one upon the other, it seemed more like a dream than the glorious reality, that we had gained the palace of the Cæsars of the East, with so little really hard fighting, and so small a loss on our side.

The Kaiserbagh is a collection of many, divided

by courts and gardens, standing in one great enclosure, rather than one palace. On entering it, I was sent off with an artillery officer, taking a small party with me, into some of the courts leading out of the large square, in order to secure some of the enemy's guns left by them, and to drive out any stray niggers. This duty lasted rather more than an hour, and I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my men together during that time. Two of them rushed into the rooms which formed the 'Mint,' and came back stuffing bars of silver into their haversacks in lieu of the handfuls of pigeons which they had seized from a dovecot on their arrival. How could there be any order with every thought intent upon the long looked-for 'loot!' During the last three weeks this word had been in everyone's mouth, and wrought like a spell, the bare mention of it making the auditor's eyes glisten and a smile of intelligence break over the face.

While Lucknow was being besieged, the 'loot' to be obtained was in fact the sole dream of every soldier; and when at last the goal was reached, the greedy eagerness for plunder could be kept in check by no rules, however strict, nor yet restrained by the most necessary motives for prudence. Life itself was risked and lost for the sake of 'loot.' Places not

yet in our hands, most of which were undermined, and burning houses, were rushed into, and the soldiers would either fall into the hands of the enemy, or be burnt to death in their search for plunder. A large quantity of live brass shells — powder loose in barrels, and made up in cartridges, of which there were numerous boxes, were strewn about, and made it dangerous to the incautious rambler. In fact, the enemy did not appear to have been short of anything, with perhaps the exception of shot. Almost all those we found were hammered; but food, ammunition, shells of brass, arms, and money, were abundant.

During the whole of the first day and night of the 'capture' I was on guard at the inner gateway, leading to the grand square. Yes! here I was among those fairy palaces, with their gilded domes, at which I had gazed with so much longing at Alumbagh! A little to my right was a beautiful garden with covered walks, and ornamented with marble statues. A large building was smoking before me, and every moment I expected its great dome to fall down with a grand crash. The ground was strewn with gun-carriages, silks, satins, mirrors, pictures, &c. Here a wounded man was carried by, poor Colonel Ingram,



of the 97th, who but a short time before had strolled past me, and who was mortally wounded by some stray niggers. There a soldier might be seen staggering under a quantity of heavy plunder, bits of silver, candlesticks, dishes, and other articles of plate broken up; pieces of exquisite china in company with a countless number of pigeons, geese, turkeys, &c. Here a camp-follower—a coolie, perhaps a cook—whose clothing hitherto so scanty and so dirty, was now ‘swelling’ it in a new black tail-coat reaching to his heels, a costly shawl round his shoulders, and an embroidered turban on his head! Nothing seemed to come amiss to our men; there was one trying to hurry off with a ponderous silver punch-bowl, so heavy indeed that he left it by my side at the gateway, to be walked off afterwards by some other of his comrades; another came out of a house with an armful of Cashmere shawls!

On one of the steps leading to the great Mosque I observed a seedy-looking soldier trying on a bright crimson leather boot, elaborately embroidered with gold. The library was entered, and books most beautifully illuminated—every leaf of which was written, not printed, and yet so delicately done that not a fault could be found in it, and illustrated

with the most exquisitely-coloured miniature painting — were found kicked about, torn to pieces, or made pipe-lights of by the British Goths! I observed two subalterns; one was walking off with a quantity of marvellously-painted and valuable china; to-morrow morning his servant will bring him his coffee in a cup which the most fastidious china-hunting dowager might envy! The other sub carried in one hand a very common-looking scimitar, hardly worth picking up, one would think; so much for appearances! Its blade is a real Damascene, will bend double, and cut through anything. Perhaps one might fancy the other piece of 'loot' which he had got better than the scimitar; he was leading away an antelope with such appealing eyes!

There was a crowd collected in a corner; a soldier had found one of the musical instruments on which the Eastern ladies are so fond of playing; a sort of guitar, or rather banjo; and he was sitting on the ground singing some low ditty as he twanged the strings. Then the curious scenes a little later; people seemed to change into clothes-dealers and pedlars, there was such buying and selling of wearables, furniture, and ornaments. Many articles, set in gold and silver, and what seemed to be precious stones, proved at last, after passing through many hands,

and after being purchased for large sums, to be merely glass or paste, while on the contrary many ornaments, composed of what were apparently bits of flat glass, and given away as valueless, turned out to be flat-cut diamonds, the favourite way with the natives of wearing their brilliants.

W——, an officer, asked a soldier, whom he recognised, what he had found. ‘Only this, sir!’ was the answer, while a handful of little shining objects was displayed.

‘What will you take for them?’

‘I don’t know, sir.’

‘Name your price.’

‘Well, sir, thirty rupees’ (£3).

‘All right, here you are,’ said my friend, producing the money, and ninety pearls, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, thus changed hands!

Another of my brother officers was the first to enter a room which was magnificently furnished, and from which the niggers had just run out. Why did they not take with them what they had placed all ready for removal? A soldier behind C—— rushed past him: ‘I’ll take this lot,’ he cried, running to a table, and encircling a heap of things with his arms. Jewels, gold watches, and trinkets were there. My friend secured from the table a most

valuable antique gold watch, as well as two bracelets, one of which was of flat diamonds, and the other of rubies. On the mantelpiece were two elegantly-carved marble figures, with a mirror behind them, and pictures on the walls. C—— went on into another part of the building, but returned a few minutes later. The figures were on the floor dashed to pieces, and the mirrors starred! As for myself, I only brought away two or three curiosities. One of these, for want of a better name, I must call an ‘instrument of torture.’ Attached by means of chains to a silver bracelet and rings, is a strong silver framework, rudely chased. On this is set, on one side, a number of small curved knives, seven in all, four being short and three longer; on the opposite side, towards the wrist, are four lancet-shaped blades. All these being worn on the back of the hand would be concealed under the long hanging sleeve of the wearer, while it is so usual among all natives to wear silver ornaments, that the rings and bracelet would escape notice.

The amiable owner of the instrument, with a pleasant smile on his countenance, no doubt having to all appearance made up his quarrel with his victim, advances to embrace his unsuspecting friend. In the first unguarded moment, he drives his knives

into his bowels and finishes him off with his dagger, or leaves him to die of his wounds; a refined mode of revenge! The second set of blades render it an impossibility to seize this 'infernal machine' out of the wearer's hand, because they are set so as to guard the back of it. The only other instrument of the kind which I have heard of being brought to England, was that used by Sevejee, the founder of the Mahratta dynasty, and which was afterwards presented by his family to Major Elphinstone.\*

Sevejee was besieged in a fort by Afzull Khan, one of Aurungzebe's lieutenants, and was so closely pressed that all escape seemed hopeless. The wily Sevejee determined to make a last desperate attempt, and had recourse to stratagem. Afzull Khan, therefore, received a message from Sevejee, demanding a parley relative to the surrender of the place. The two leaders were to meet unarmed, half way between the two forces, each to be attended by one domestic only. The brave, unsuspecting Afzull Khan consented.

'This day I shall kill Afzull Khan,' said Sevejee to his men; 'when you see his army thrown into

\* I believe that an instrument somewhat similar to that described, but of very rude construction, is sometimes used by thieves in India.

confusion by his death, rush out, and we will cut our way through.'

The two generals met, the besieger and his follower suspecting no foul play. Under the folds of Sevejee's robe was a hand armed with one of these 'tiger's claws,' and in the other a dagger. After some conversation, apparently friendly, Sevejee advanced as if to embrace his adversary. Quick as lightning he buried the murderous weapon into his enemy's body, and then finished him with his dagger. Meanwhile his attendant, also secretly armed, had killed the other servant, upon seeing which the besieging army was thrown into disorder, and, as Sevejee had foretold, his troops were able to cut their way through.

The other curiosity which fell to my lot is an amulet or talisman, to be worn on the arm. It must have belonged to some native of wealth and distinction, as it is a remarkably fine specimen of engraving upon a handsome cornelian, which excited the envy and admiration of all the natives to whom I showed it. The stone, about one inch and three quarters in length, and about one inch and a half in breadth, is set in a solid frame of silver, chased with representations of the lotus flower. Its chief beauty consists in the marvellously clear cutting of every

letter in relief of the following prayers, in so small a space.

The inscription in the centre of the stone contains the following prayer in Arabic for Mohammed and the twelve Imams :—

‘O God! bless Mohammed the elect, Ali the approved, the chaste Fatima, the two sciops, Al-Hasan and Al-Hosain. Bless Ali, the ornament of the desert, the profound Mohammed, the veracious Ja’far, the patient Musa, the God-pleasing Ali, the grave Mohammed, the pious Ali, the chaste Al-Hasan Al-Aşkari, and bless the great Imam, Al-Mahdi; upon him and them be peace.’

The inner circle contains these words from the Koran, chapter 109 :—

‘In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful, say : O unbelievers! I will not worship what ye worship, nor will ye worship what I worship. Neither do I worship what ye worship, nor do ye worship that which I worship. Ye have your religion, and I have my religion.’

‘He who trusts in God.’

These last words refer to the person for whom the stone was engraved.

The outer circle contains a passage from the Koran, known as ‘the Verse of the Throne:’—

‘In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful God; there is no God but He, the Living, the Eternal. No slumber nor sleep seizeth Him. To Him belongeth whatsoever is in heaven and on earth. Who is he that can intercede with Him but through His good pleasure? He knoweth that which is to pass, and that which is to come; and they shall not comprehend anything of His knowledge but so far as He pleaseth. His throne encompasseth heaven and earth, and the preservation of both is no burden unto Him. He is the High, the Mighty.’\*

\* The translation of the inscription on the amulet was made by a gentleman connected with the British Museum.



## CHAPTER XII.

## AFTER THE CAPTURE.

I WAS not relieved from guard till the 10th of March. During the whole of the two previous nights, fires were breaking out, and loud explosions took place in every direction, some originating in accident and some being intentionally caused. I wondered whether the niggers intended to repeat the scenes of Moscow, and burn us out of the city. This thought occurred to my mind as I lay almost scorched and blinded by the heat and smoke of the burning pile before me, from which, being on guard, of course I had no escape. Our loss was stated to have been small during the capture; the enemy's second and third lines had been suddenly abandoned, and the only fighting which continued was in the streets and buildings here and there.

When once at liberty, I was able to look about me a little more. I ascended to the top of one of the mosques, the tomb of Saadut Ali Khan, and

from it obtained a glorious view. It is difficult to do justice to it by any description ; the splendid palaces and mosques, with their large gilded domes, with their background of magnificent and luxuriant trees, and the fine gardens stretching out as far as the eye could reach ! If I might compare the city to anything I had ever seen, it would be to some worthy production of the goldsmith's skill, in which the rare bright jewels would be surrounded by a rich and harmonious setting, serving to enhance their beauty. Not even the descriptions in the flowery-fancied Oriental tales could do justice to it : it was a place to dream of — or would have been so, had we not observed from our high position a swarm of our black enemies, mounted on camels, elephants, and horses, surging out before General Outram's force, which was advancing on them past the Residency.

The town, indeed, was now reported to be cleared, but there still lurked about the place sufficient of the enemy to make it dangerous for any of us to wander about incautiously ; one ran the risk of being fired at from behind a wall, or in a back street, and an officer and soldier having been thus murdered, the Commander-in-chief warned all not to stray about too much, until order should be restored and police established. There was danger,

also, from the quantity of loose powder still lying about, and which was liable to explosion from so many causes. The fearful and well-remembered accident at the 'Engine House,' by which we lost two good officers and fifty men, occurred at this time.

On the 16th, we had been relieved by the 97th regiment, and returned to camp near the Dil-Khoosha. All that night continued firing was heard, and it was reported that the enemy was flying to Seetapore; but on the 18th a fight took place in the town with the Moulvie. He was tracked to one of the houses, and defended himself with great spirit. Eventually, however, he thought it better to decamp, and then we might be said to have got the city in our hands.

On the following Sunday, I went to see the guns which had been taken from the enemy. Some of them were beautiful specimens of workmanship, and had 'Claude Martin' engraved on them; others were more curious from the wonderful manner in which they had been patched up by the natives with brass, to make them serviceable. But perhaps the most wonderful thing ever found, as a destructive agent, was a mortar, which we saw and carefully examined. It was in a court-yard of the Kaiserbagh, fixed in the ground, and bearing on the Residency. It was about eighteen inches in diameter, and lined with iron sheet-

ing ; outside this was a layer of hide, then a coating of earthenware, then came a layer of wood, and the whole was looped together with iron. • It appeared to have been fired.

One evening, when the sun was going down, and the air cool enough to allow me to go out without fear of being broiled or roasted, I wandered into a garden belonging to the Dil-Khoosha. What a lovely spot it was, so quiet and so cool ! ● It had evidently, in former times, been a favourite place of resort, and the wall, which ran on three sides of it, completely shut it out from the noise of the busy camp. Gaining an entrance through a large archway, I strolled up the broad gravel walks, shaded by the cypress and other trees, and leading to large summer-houses. One path, more narrow and more shady than the rest, conducted to a pretty little mosque, whither the inmates of the palace might have repaired without being exposed to public gaze.

Let us follow now the broader path ; the orange blossom is loading the air with its fragrance, the sun has set, and the bright full moon shines so immediately above our heads, that there are no shadows to be seen, while before us stands a picturesque structure, into which cool marble steps will enable us to enter. Let us ascend those steps, and crossing through

to the other side of the summer-house, pause to look around. At our feet flows the silent river, the Goomtie—a dark green band cutting us off from the rest of the world beyond; the trees behind and on each side of us have closed in, and there is not a sound to disturb the extreme tranquillity of the lovely night. Here, away from the dust, the heat, and the noise of the past day, one seems to breathe again and gain new strength; it is rest to mind and body alike. But if the place seems too still, most fitted to the spot would be the gentle sound of lute and song; or, indeed, the favourite Eastern amusement of story-telling.

A propos of the latter, I often passed, in my wanderings about the neighbourhood of the camp, a knot of natives seated upon the ground, listening intently to one who might be relating some tale, probably bearing a close affinity to the wonders of the Arabian Nights. There would be a good deal of animation in the narrator's manner, a modulation in his voice (probably as he goes through the conversational part of his story), which fires the attention of his auditors, who have no eye or ear for aught save for him; occasionally one of the party would grunt an approval. Hours have passed before my return, when I would still find the story-teller, and apparently the same audience.

To refer to a 'story' of a different kind:—We had heard that a man of our regiment, who had been mess-butler, possessed a very valuable diamond brooch, found the first day at Lucknow. On one of our friends visiting the camp, and asking what 'loot' we had, we took the opportunity of sending for the sergeant. He came, bringing with him a large brooch, in the centre of which was a magnificent brilliant, surrounded by four or five rows of stones, decreasing in size towards the outer row, all set in silver.

'How much is this worth, O'N——?'

'Why, sir, I wouldn't take less than £2,000 for it. I have been offered £500 (this we knew was the fact), but I wouldn't look at the money.'

'You had better close with the offer,' was our advice.

'Oh no, sir, not such a fool!'

'Well, what will you do with it?'

'When I take my discharge I shall carry it home, and get its proper value. I mean to set up a public house on the outskirts of London, and have a good connection among *gentlemen's gentlemen*.'

He went away with his prize, seemingly rather disgusted with our inclination to depreciate its value. Poor fellow! his vision of the 'public' and its distin-

guished patrons soon vanished; for a few weeks later, a test more severe than any hitherto tried having been applied to his brooch, the £2,000 diamond turned out to be only glass!

A list having come out, showing the distribution of the regiments, &c., which had formed the late besieging army, we found that the 90th was to form part of the division to remain in Lucknow, to be called the 'Lucknow Field Force.' On the 1st of April, then, we struck our tents and marched into the city, and took up our quarters in a palace called the 'Zoor-Buksh.' It was situated behind the 'Eunuchs' Palace,' and near the 'Kaiserbagh,' and was a large compound composed of four or five small squares, with rooms all round above and below. Some of these rooms were very handsome, but on our entry the whole was extremely dirty and quite insufficient for the accommodation of all the officers, as well as being rather crowding for the men. However, the day after our arrival, more quarters were given to us, and a large hall having been found, it was appropriated to the mess. A palace, according to English ideas, is a fine large mass of building standing by itself in an enclosure, whether it be a park or garden; but 'a palace' in India is a different affair. It is a collection of many buildings, each one inde-

pendent and perfect in itself, and the whole being connected together by a surrounding wall. Within this wall, for instance, may be seven quadrangles, as at the 'Zoor-Buksh,' round each of which, downstairs, run corridors and upstairs rooms, the best apartments all being at the top of the building. In the largest and centre square was a fountain, in the basin of which were gold fish, and around were shrubs and flowers. It seems that different classes or sets of people lived in the different squares, and, though there were numerous connecting passages, all the inmates lived quite apart. Some of the squares were devoted exclusively to the females, who were there jealously guarded, and the fragments of women's dress and children's playthings easily told us where the zenanas had been. The master of the house usually occupied the spacious apartments at the back, while the remaining squares were devoted to his male relatives and friends, and his armed followers. There were places, too, where every kind of amusement could be carried on, from musical entertainments to the fights between wild beasts, of which the natives of Oude were particular fond. For these fights, lions, tigers, and rhinoceros (we found one of the latter in our palace) and several other animals, were kept caged.



Among other things which were found by our soldiers during the attack, were two albums: one was evidently a young English girl's scrap-book, full of coloured engravings, sketches, painted flowers, and the thousand and one things which girls delight in inserting into their scrap-books; the other seemed to have been the property of three sisters, and was full of verses on various subjects. Most of the effusions were addressed to the fair owners themselves; acrostics without end, particularly on the names of Matilda and Louisa, sonnets to their eyebrows, impromptus on rose-buds, ribbons, and unkind looks, and touching thoughts on approaching farewells abounded! What a number of adorers each young lady seems to have had at her feet!

It was curious to turn over the leaves which had been treasured in some drawing-room, and were perfumed with rose-leaves, and then to see these memorials in the hands of men who, momentarily awaiting the order to attack (for we were on picket near the Segundrabagh, when they were found), carelessly turned over the pages amidst those scenes of death and desolation! For a moment we speculated on the fate which had perhaps befallen the fair owners of the volumes—had they been driven out from their quiet homes? had all these Indian horrors met

them at their own hearths? But our doubts were soon satisfied, for, on looking at the dates, we found that their youth must have long since passed away, and that happily the fair possessors of the albums might be grandmothers, and probably had long ago gone back to their English homes.

I had now leisure to go over and examine the palace of the 'Furut Buksh,' or 'Ferret Box,' as our men used to call it sometimes. It will be remembered that this was the chief palace in the portion of the town occupied and assigned to Havelock's force, on its relieving the old garrison. I went over the ground with one of our officers, who had himself been engaged in the defence, and all the points of the greatest interest were pointed out to me. It seemed to be a perfect wonder that so small a force, as ours was at that time, could have held out against the large numbers which were pressing so closely on every side. The aspect of the whole entrenchment had been entirely changed since our coming up, under Sir Colin, to bring out those who had so long defended it. Where there had been level ground, batteries had been built, and ditches dug, while many walls and buildings were razed. The city itself now began to wear a more cheerful aspect, and numbers of the shopkeepers and inha-

bitants of the place commenced returning to their houses. They had certainly gained little by the insurrection, nor do I believe this class had ever sincerely wished to rise, knowing how much it was against their own interests to do so; and the Sepoys had robbed them, and put a stop to their trading. However, they now all seemed to have a wholesome fear and respect for Europeans, and, as we rode through the town, one and all salaamed, stooping and raising the right hand to the forehead. Many of the people, before leaving the town, had buried their most valuable goods, intending to dig them up again on their return, if others were not kind enough to forestall their intentions. Therefore much gold, silver, and jewels, as well as less precious articles, were found under ground, and a few days after our arrival, some soldiers wandering about one of the palaces, and noticing the hollow sound of the pavement, dug it up, and found beneath a quantity of silver plate and jewels. The streets of Lucknow gradually became cleared of rubbish, and were passable, all those who were returning taking their share in clearing what was in their own vicinity.

The Colonel assembled our officers, and told us that the garrison of the city would have to furnish

moveable columns, always prepared to go out, and attack any force of the enemy which might come in the neighbourhood, and attempt an entry into the town. Probably these columns would not be out for more than thirty-six hours at a time. Of our regiment six companies would have to go out, and the rest be left to defend the quarters, which were to be examined by engineers, and put into a state of defence by our own men. Every morning, therefore, after the inspection by the engineer, the regiment turned out to begin working under his directions.

In clearing away, in the rear of our palace, we came upon some large stables and coach-houses, the latter being filled with carriages and palanquins; the majority of them were of very ancient date, curious from their quaint construction; but one or two of the carriages were really good, being modern and English built. This discovery gave rise to an amusing incident connected with one of our doctors: he had made a round of the buildings, and having spied out a capital chariot, and thinking it secure from interference, he (mentally) annexed it. In the course of the day, a number of us were chatting together, discussing what had been found in our quarters. 'Ah!' exclaimed the worthy doctor, 'I've got the best

prize; I shall beat you all on the march with my elegant carriage !'

'Let us go and see it !' cried we. 'Come along.'

And so we went. I to mention, that all about our position were places which had been fortified by the niggers ; around houses, and at the corners of the streets, barricades had been thrown up, parapets raised, and wide and deep ditches dug. One of our first duties was to re-open communications with the neighbourhood ; and all the lumber which was found in the quarters assigned to us, was useful for the purpose of filling up the ditches. In proceeding with the doctor to the coach-houses, we met a fatigue party in high spirits clearing away rubbish. Some were dragging along the crazy old vehicles, others, acting as coachmen, had clambered on the boxes, while a few sat in pretended state inside, and were 'chaffing' their 'horses,' all enjoying their work, even in that broiling sun, like so many children. A horrid thought seized the doctor ; in another second he had rushed to the coach-house, but his boasted prize was not to be seen ! He turns back to follow the hilarious party.

Run a little faster, doctor ! — ran, run ! — listen to that shout ! 'Hurrah !'

'Look out there, below !' they cry, as the last

push is given; the foremost carriage totters on the brink, and then disappears! The remains of the doctor's fated chariot lie twenty feet below!

One evening we had a pleasant ride to our old station in the 'Alumbagh.' Proceeding by the road on which the enemy had their batteries, we passed by the 'Yellow House,' which had been one of the enemy's strong posts, and which was not more than 1,400 yards from the enclosure. The 'Yellow House' had never been taken by us, and had annoyed us extremely the whole time of our stay at Alumbagh. How often we had looked at it, and wished to rush at, and take the provoking place, which would not be silenced by our batteries! It seemed to bear a charmed life; we might pound away as long as we liked at it and its guns, but it was of no use. When the smoke had blown away, that house reared its yellow head as usual; then a white puff of smoke might be seen to issue from it, and a ball would whizz over our head, perhaps a little too near to be pleasant; one could not cross the road without having a shot sent after him. But, as we rode past that evening, everything was changed; the rivals were still opposite each other, but tenantless and silent. The 'Yellow House' was a perfect honeycomb, from its numerous shot-

holes, through it, and the 'Alumbagh' was shut up and deserted; but the latter will not be forgotten, for within its walls lie buried Sir Henry Havelock and three of my brother officers.

On the 13th (April), part of the regiment received orders to go on escort duty. To show how weak the regiment was at this time, there being so many men on the sick list, the fact need only be stated, that, two hundred and fifty men being wanted as the contingent, *five* companies had to be sent to fill up the number!

We were sent, in charge of the Commander-in-chief's baggage, to escort some of his staff, and some sick and wounded officers, Mr. Russell (the *Times*' correspondent) also being of the party, I believe. We took them as far as Oonao, within six miles of Cawnpore, where we transferred our charge to some troops, which had come out to meet us, and then returned to Lucknow. Nothing of any importance occurred during this journey; but, on our return, we were met with very bad news. The small-pox had been raging among our men, and had carried off Lieutenant Carleton. We heard, also, of Walpole having been beaten back from the Fort of Royea, and the great loss the country had sustained by the death of Brigadier Adrian Hope. To crown all, the

whole regiment was under orders to proceed on escort, with provisions, &c., to General Walpole's camp. To our great satisfaction, however, the next evening, we found that this order had been cancelled, and that the 53rd were to go in our stead, after everything had been arranged, the tents and light baggage being ready for the line of march in the courtyard.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE 'DOUR.'

'DO not holloa till you are out of the wood,' is a proverb which never presented itself more apropos than it did to me on the morning of April 24th, 1858! I had been congratulating myself on the prospect of a little settled rest. Until now I had not thought it worth while to do anything to my quarters until there was some certainty of staying in them. At last, I thought I might venture to complete my household arrangements, and commenced regularly to instal myself with a few 'little comforts' in my room. I began by having it whitewashed: it was of an oblong form, and had three doors on each side, with two leading into a passage at one end of it. My chief aim being to shut out the glare and admit the breeze, I had contrived to have a 'thorough draught, and on that side where the sun shone most fiercely, I had hung over the doorways pieces of what looked very much like common matting, but were not so: they

were made of the bark of a tree, which was very fragrant, and was called 'kus-kus' matting. My servants were to be employed in keeping these hangings constantly wet, so that the wind which would pass through them would not only be cool and fresh, but laden with a pleasant odour. The other windows and doors would have had blinds of green wicker-work, and running across the ceiling was a large punkah, under which would be placed my table by day and my bed by night, for the nights were becoming very hot, and the heat interfered not a little with sleep. But whitewashing, tatties, punkahs, were all useless; for orders, quite unexpected, and anything but welcome, were received on the 24th, that we were to march off the following morning at four o'clock, the regiment to form part of a moveable column, with the pleasant prospect of marching about in the country all the summer. 'Fresh' troops were wanted, and probably the authorities thought we had had rest enough; so, on Sunday morning, the 25th, at eight o'clock, we started, leaving the sick behind us, and taking camels only for the transport of our baggage and tents. We marched to Chinhut, a place about eight miles from Lucknow, where we were to wait for Brigadier Horsford's column. Our tents were pitched in an

immense garden, enclosed on three sides by walls, and a small lake on the fourth, which, although only hip deep, supplied us with a refreshing bath. The weather was becoming very hot; what we should have done in India, when marching, if we had not had the magnificent mango topes, which we found at almost all places, I know not. They afforded a most grateful shade, and the colour of the leaves was of a most refreshing green. The trees were laden, at that moment, with young mangoes, green, egg-shaped things, which have an acid turpentine taste when raw, but which, when cooked, with milk and sugar, form a delicious dish—'mango-fool.' The natives take a great deal of pains in the cultivation of their mango-trees, protecting the young plants from harm by surrounding them by high earthen banks, sometimes surmounted by low hedges of prickly cactus, and by watering them regularly.

Certainly, the native in his way is a very industrious fellow. For nine months of the year, very little rain falls; therefore, in order to supply the want of it, the tiller of the soil may be seen making little watercourses in channels all over his land, connecting them with the nearest 'pönd (or jheel, as it is called) or river. If none of these natural sources are near, he may be seen raising water from

the wells. In general, at the top of the well, is a framework, to which a pulley is attached. Over this is a rope, to one end of which is fastened a bucket, and to the other are attached two bullocks, placed with their backs to the well. At a given signal, the animals walk away, pulling the filled bucket to the top, where the man stands ready to empty it into the channel; then the bullocks return, the bucket again descends into the well, and so the work goes on all day.

Perhaps what is more interesting is to watch their method of raising water from one level, to another. The water is conducted from the lake or stream along a channel into a sort of reservoir, and, close to the latter, is the field for which the water is required, raised perhaps a foot or two higher. At each side of the reservoir stands a man, holding two strings, fastened to a kind of flat basket, in which they ladle the water from one place to the other. Working together, they swing the basket up, suddenly jerk out the water, and then swing it back, in order to refill it. The water flows on in the channel prepared for it, along a whole field perhaps, where two other men receive it, and send it up to a channel still higher, and so on, till the highest parts of the land receive their proper share of moisture. Then,

through every field beside the *main* channel, run a number of little watercourses, and the husbandman can regulate the supply of water to a nicety, by opening and closing the ducts. This he does with his foot, literally carrying out the Scripture description of the tiller of the ground 'watering with his foot.'

After one day's rest at Chinhut, we were again on the move, and our first march was to the Dil-Koosha. We encamped there in the deer park, and were joined and brigaded with the 38th, 2nd battalion Rifle Brigade, and 5th Punjaub Rifles, also by some cavalry and field and siege guns. General (now Sir Hope) Grant was to command us. A moveable column had also left Lucknow, to proceed in the direction of Cawnpore, and our division was to move towards Roy Bareilly, where the enemy was said to have a large force of ten thousand men and eighteen guns, going to attack Oonao. Late in the evening, we received orders again to start in the morning for the Alumbagh, which we reached, after making an immense round by the Charbagh, owing to our mistaking the road, and encamped just beyond it. The camels, with the tents, were late in coming up, and it was mid-day before we were able, hot and tired as we were, to get any shelter from the broiling sun.

Nothing is more trying than marching, day after day, in India, even for a short distance, when once the sun has risen. The night-marches (so distasteful to the *Times*' correspondent) were a great relief to us, and though, through the ignorance or carelessness of the guides, we might often in the darkness of the night miss the road, and have a double distance to go, nothing could be so terrible as marching in the heat, even of the early morning; it was sufficient to damp the most ardent courage, and exhaust the most powerful frame.

But there was no help for it, and on Wednesday, the 28th, we were off again, and encamped about a mile and a-half beyond Bunnee Bridge, where we met the Lucknow moveable column, which was on its return, having learnt that the enemy, which had threatened Oonao, had bolted. It was the old story, which I fear my readers will find repeated over and over again. The enemy seldom had the courage to meet us in the open field, but in truth they made good use of their long legs; for, having nothing but the lightest of clothing, and no commissariat, they could march with ease thirty or forty miles a day, keeping us constantly on the move running after them.

Off again we were, and marched along the road until within about two miles from Nawabgunge, when

we turned off to the left into the open country, and encamped on a plain, having marched about seven miles. There we were cheered and encouraged by the intelligence that the 'ten thousand' of the enemy were awaiting us in a fort about two marches distant. Here we too received a visit from a friendly Rajah and his followers.

We now rested for a day or two, during which time I was sent on the usual picket duty, and should have been almost killed by the oppressive heat but for the lucky discovery of an old Hindoo altar, standing in the middle of a field and protected from the sun by a straw shed over it. Here I sat reading and writing quietly enough, until I was obliged to walk round the picket. In doing so I came upon what was a novelty to me, a place where the betel-nut was being cultivated. It was a mud-wall enclosure, in which the fresh bright-green plants were trained on sticks, and were carefully shaded from the sun by coverings of matting. A native was giving the plants a plentiful supply of water, which steaming up from the hot earth, produced the same impression of damp heat which one feels in a hot-house for rearing tropical plants.

Our next march was to a place another seven miles distant, called 'Poorerah.' It was Sunday

morning, and here in a magnificent tope of trees, under which the niggers had had their pickets but a few hours before, divine service was celebrated. Indeed during the whole campaign this duty was very seldom omitted. Here we heard on our arrival that the enemy were within three miles only of us, but the next day they again gave us the slip, and nothing was left to be done but to destroy the fort which they had just evacuated. The villagers brought us in, from time to time, milk and vegetables—such milk!—two parts water to one of milk! We did our best to make them understand that we should prefer having the water and the milk brought to us separately—but they were rather deaf; fortunately for my party our servants had bought two goats for ten shillings, so that we were well off for breakfast. I used sometimes to roam through our bazaar. It may not be generally known that each regiment in India has its own bazaar or market; a number of tradespeople are collected, and go about with the troops. Where we pitch our tents they pitch theirs also, and commence selling their wares to the soldier, who would probably be too tired to wander about himself in search of what he wanted in the neighbourhood. In the old quiet time of India, the bazaar belonging to a regiment was a



grand affair, and in it everything connected with eating, drinking, and clothing might be 'procured. A staff of artisans, principally tailors and shoemakers, was attached to it—so that one was almost independent of the shops of a town. Even at the time of which I write, our small bazaars were very useful. On our march the country people brought in to them milk, sheep, vegetables, &c., and these were sold again to us at moderate prices. The bazaar which I passed through was composed of a long lane of low tents, about four feet high. In these the people sat cross-legged in the middle of their wares. In many of the tents I noticed a number of small sacks, sometimes twenty or thirty together; these contained all kinds of spices, grain, dried fruit, and flowers, and all kind of things used by the natives to season and flavour their food. Watch for a moment a Hindoo cooking his dinner: it may consist of rice, which he is boiling. He will open a number of little bags at his side, taking out a pinch from this one, and a pinch from that, and so on through the whole, until the rice is seasoned to his taste. When this mess is boiled enough, he squats down and eats the savoury mixture, washing it down with pure water from a lota or pot. This he holds above his head, and does not let it touch his lips, but pours out the fluid so as

to let a small stream flow down his throat. Then he washes his fingers, and the meal is over.

We resumed our march on the 4th May. W—— told me how he managed to procure the guides for the column. In the evening he would send out a chuprassee, or one of the native police, to the next village. The first four men he met in it were asked if they knew the way to such and such a place; if they answered in the affirmative, they were immediately seized and brought into camp. Woe to them if they directed us wrongly! When the march was over they were dismissed, and departed only too glad they had not fared worse.

We were now expecting to come upon the main body of the enemy in a day or two, unless as usual they should bolt. We found they had done so, as we passed through a village with the large fort in it where it had been expected they would have made a stand; but they had thought better of it, and we heard were going as fast as possible to Roy Bareilly. Attached to our force was a civil magistrate, who accompanied us in order to receive the assurances of friendship or offers of submission from the native chiefs on our road, or to punish any delinquents who might fall into our hands. A party of us was sent out to a rajah in the neighbourhood; a quantity of

arms found in his possession was seized, his back rents taken, and a fine of five thousand rupees inflicted upon him by the magistrate. ,

But with the exception of such little incidents as this, or that of burning the villages occupied by known rebels on our road, one day was now very much like another. Onward was the word, and onward we marched, the niggers always retiring before us, and only being seen by our cavalry. We had been, and were still, passing through a rich and beautiful country, walking through avenues seldom to be equalled in our old parks at home, halting under large clumps of trees of every variety of foliage, from the deep copper beech to the light fragile leaf of some feathery shrub, through which a pleasant softened light streamed down upon us. Sometimes we crossed a wide grassy plain, then we dashed through masses of prickly acacia, at the risk of tearing our clothes and scratching our faces, and often threaded our way through grasses higher than the tallest among us. Nature everywhere showed herself in great luxuriance, and gave her riches with a bounteous hand. Bright plumaged birds and gay flowers were around us, peacocks were common and easily shot, and the Nil Ghy (wild cattle) were plentiful. We had come at last to wells of good water

—having hitherto been dependent on those impregnated with lime, or full of vegetable and animal matter. Certainly marching about in the summer, even in India, has its redeeming points, especially if one can take advantage of the coolest hours of the day, the two that precede sunrise, and such a sunrise as we generally witnessed; no description can do it justice, nor give any idea of its unequalled brilliancy. For the artist, the botanist, and the naturalist, what treasures did we not meet with on our 'dour' through that magnificent land! With the knowledge of all three combined, however, one could scarcely have turned it to account in our hurried marches. I was fain to content myself, with simply noting down what I saw, in my mind.

On the 7th, we marched to a place called Parthan, and having found a half-finished fort in the neighbourhood, we remained during the 8th to demolish it. I walked over to see it with Guise. It was situated on a plain, and concealed from view by a belt of underwood, interspersed with a few trees here and there, round it. On penetrating this belt, we came upon a broad and deep outer ditch; on the other side of this again was a low-crowned earthwork, upon which, probably had the owner had time, a fence

of bamboos would have been cultivated. A deep inner ditch came next, and inside that stood the fort itself. It was quadrangular, having turrets with embrasures at each corner, and regular casemates for the garrison to live in. The walls were of mud, very thick, and in the open space in the centre the foundations were already laid for the dwellings of the owner. The wood-work also showed that, only a day or two before, the labourers had been at work. Our men were employed during the day in pulling it down and blowing it up.

We were now approaching the Ganges. For the last few days we had turned off the road, and had gone along through fields and jungles, through brake and briar, and made our way over ditches, as best we could. Continually we came on the traces of the enemy, and, after changing our course, we found ourselves on the 10th encamped about two miles from Dhondeakeera. This village will be long remembered as the scene of a most horrible tragedy. The story is well known, but the account I received of it I will here relate :—

A boat full of fugitives from the massacre of Cawnpore, had succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the Nana and his miscreants, and had dropped down the river as far as Dhondeakeera. There they landed, and

took refuge in a temple near the left bank. In this place, however, they found no rest. By the noise of the increasing and savage crowd, they learnt that their destruction was determined upon — already indeed they were being fired into from without. What was to be done in such an awful moment of suspense? The only chance of escape was by the river. 'Who could swim?' Six only, out of the thirteen, responded affirmatively to this appeal. The remaining seven then heroically offered to cover the flight of their more fortunate comrades, knowing that their own death was certain. Their rifles being loaded, suddenly they opened the door, and fired a volley into the faces of the assailants, under cover of which the six rushed out, made for the river, and plunged in! What became of the devoted band which remained behind one can only conjecture. May their noble self-sacrifice never be forgotten! The infuriated natives saw a prospect of their being baulked of some of their intended victims. They poured a shower of bullets on the water, running along the bank and keeping up a brisk fire wherever they noticed the least sign of a head rising above the water. Two of the swimmers were wounded, and sank. Evening coming on, the pursuit was given up; then, what with resting occasionally on the

bank, and taking again to the water, the survivors, one of whom had been wounded, reached the dwelling-place of a friendly rajah, who received them kindly, and passed them on to our people.

In order to mark our indignation at this foul deed, we immediately pounced upon the village, and burnt it to the ground, blowing up at the same time the blood-stained temple. We seized the head man of the village, who we learnt had promised safety to the unhappy party of Europeans, and had been one of the first to attack them. He received his just reward a few days later, on the 17th, when we hung him. As he approached the gallows, he said that, 'really, hanging was too severe a punishment for merely killing a few Europeans!' At the same time, General Hope Grant sent a party to destroy the fort of the talookdar of the district, Rambucksh Singh. It appears that, in the following November, Sir Colin found the fort rebuilt. This was not a matter of difficulty to the natives, for the walls being of mud, the vicinity of the water was all that was necessary. In districts away from streams, those who wanted to build forts had to take advantage of the time immediately following the wet season for the labourers to build; and, when the work could not be completed in time, it was necessary to wait until the next rainy season came round.

## • CHAPTER XIV.

## THE 'DOUR' CONTINUED.

IT was late in the evening of the 11th May, after a busy day, that a sudden order came for us to pack up our baggage and march that night. Some said that we were going to the river, others that a body of the enemy was near us and that we were going to surprise them.

At eleven o'clock we started. The night was very dark, and there was no regular road. Imagine guns, camels, elephants, and men having to march over fields, banks, hedges, and deep ditches (fortunately the latter were all dry) in almost pitch-darkness. We floundered away in a most unsatisfactory state, continually breaking down, and very nearly parting company with some of our force; for it was almost impossible to keep together. At last daylight came, and we were enabled to get on a little better, and to learn, as we had expected, that the enemy was not far



off. However, we encamped without seeing anything of them, and halted on the same spot to which we had marched a night or two previously. The band of rebels, whom we had followed for so many days, had doubled, and placed itself in our rear, thinking to molest us while we were quietly reposing on the banks of the Ganges, not suspecting a counter-movement on our part.

They had received warning just in time, and had retired to a village about six miles off from our encamping-place. I was sent on picket near a village inhabited by none but 'Brahmins,' of a very light colour. According to their usual custom, the natives came out to propitiate the person whom they deemed to be in power, with a present, this time of milk. I was hot, tired, and very thirsty, and it looked so good, so different to what was usually sold; but one could accept nothing at their hands. I offered money for it, but this was decidedly refused. I stood firm, however, and they turned away somewhat crest-fallen at not having gained my good-will, as they supposed; the soldiers, less scrupulous, accepted the milk.

Having been up all night, we were all well tired, as may be supposed; so that, contrary to my usual custom, after I had arranged about my sentries, I fell asleep for four or five hours. It was fortunate that I

did so, for at half-past two in the afternoon, just as I was congratulating myself on being in a nice cool tope of trees, while the regiment was, roasting on the plain, I was suddenly told by a corporal that the army was going to strike its tents and to march off immediately. Tents and heavy baggage were to remain behind, one day's grog and bread alone to be taken. And in the heat of the day too! one could scarcely believe it. However we soon found that it was a disagreeable certainty; the sepoys were only a few miles off, and we were going to try to attack them at a time when they least expected us to stir.

Calling in my sentries, I withdrew my picket and joined the regiment, which I found on parade, ready to march. It was now three P.M., and the sun was blazing upon us. Soon the intense heat began to tell upon the column; men were sun-struck and fell in all directions. Many of the trees, as we passed, had groups of soldiers lying under them, who could not move a step farther. We would entreat them to come on. 'Let me die, sir; I *cannot* go on,' was the general answer. 'Where's the bheestie?' (or water-carrier) 'fetch the doctor,' or 'bring up a doolie,' were the exclamations heard on all sides. There was plenty of work for the rear-guard that day in picking up the stragglers.

We went on at a killing pace over ploughed fields, through standing crops, and brushwood, and after manœuvring about a good deal, found we had gone about seven miles. Two large villages were in front of us, and occupying these, and in rear, were the enemy. They opened the ball with their guns. We advanced, the Rifle Brigade skirmishing, on, which the niggers, who were skirmishing also in good order, having regular supports, retired. Their cavalry attacked our rear and tried to cut us off. They came across an unfortunate Rifles' serjeant in a doolic, and cut off his head; they might have done us much more harm had they not 'funked.' The ground that we came on was very uneven, and full of ravines, so that the enemy, on being very hard pressed, were obliged to leave three guns and a mortar in our hands. Our cavalry, from the same reason, could do little, but they were fortunate enough in cutting off one party, and two of the leaders (one the proprietor of the land near, and his brother) were killed. It was supposed that we had killed about seventy; our own loss was but trifling at their hands. After much firing and 'dodging' backwards and forwards, night having set in, we lay down on the ground, thoroughly exhausted; and to add to our discomfort, by some accident the grog and the bread were not forth-

coming. The enemy remained close to us, about four hundred yards off, all night.

In the middle of the night I was awoke by an uproar, and found to my surprise a man standing across my body as if prepared to receive cavalry, with his bayonet fixed on his rifle. Soldiers were hurrying to and fro, and officers had their swords drawn, shouting — 'What is the matter?' 'Don't be alarmed, men; fall in.'

'The niggers are coming on us.'

It was a false alarm; a horse had broken loose and had trampled over some of the sleeping crowd. Happily no serious consequences resulted from this occurrence, for a false alarm, in the depth of the night, may sometimes prove a very awful affair, and cause more loss of life than a real engagement with the enemy. The only accident owing to an alarm which has come under my personal experience, was that of a man, on a previous occasion, being struck down by a comrade with the butt of his musket, he being mistaken by the half-awakened soldier for a sepoy.

Daylight came, and showed us that the enemy had, under cover of the darkness, slipped away. Nothing more could be done for the present, and we returned to our former camping-ground, some of

the native sowars hovering on our rear the greater part of the way. The enemy were said to have had between ten and thirteen thousand men and eleven guns. We were about two thousand five hundred, a number having staid behind sick, and on picket, in camp. The niggers certainly never expected so unceremonious a visit from us. They deemed it impossible that we should march against them in the heat of an Indian summer day, knowing as they did how little fit we were to cope with its burning sun. It was altogether rather a dear 'Dour' to us. Of the division, thirty-two men died at once and five hundred were sick, forming about one-sixth of the whole force. Out of our regiment alone four died and seventy-five were sick.\*

But by this measure, General Grant taught the enemy a salutary lesson. He showed them very decidedly that they were never safe; that what we determined to do, we would do, cost us what it

\* There is a curious fact connected with the hot weather campaign; that the majority of those who died in, or just after, the wet season which followed, were observed by the medical men to have suffered from sunstroke previously. The sun seemed to have set his mark upon his victims; if those he attacked did not at once leave the country, or go to the hills, and thereby gain a thorough change of climate, they fell when exposed to damp and cold.

might. He struck more terror into their minds by this march than he would have done had he killed a greater number at any other season. If the daylight had not failed us, we might have done much more execution; but tired, done up, and in the dark, we killed comparatively few.

A short time after our return to camp, rumours reached us that we were going back to Lucknow. Hampered by a fearful number of sick, we could do nothing, and besides, the enemy were said to be closing round on Lucknow.

On the 15th, after one day's rest, therefore, we started to return. Doolies, elephants, and even the gun-carriages were laden with the sick, whom we bore along with us. Fortunately for them and for all, a cool breeze sprang up during our march, for which we could not feel too grateful. We halted, but were not left long at rest, for again the cry arose of 'The niggers are coming on!'

We turned out, a few men fell stricken by the burning sun, and we turned in again very soon. While we were under arms, a sepoy was brought in, and of course we thought he was one of those who had attacked us; but the alarm had proved a false one. This man's capture was curious. A serjeant, taking some men on picket their grog, had passed

through the village near. He spied two eyes peering at him through the loophole of a door. When the eyes saw they had been observed, they disappeared suddenly. The serjeant began to think something was wrong, so he dashed open the door and discovered a man trying to escape. He at once seized him, and brought him out. He proved to be a sepoy, who, being taken before the General, then confessed that he had belonged to the 22nd N. I., but was at present leading a peaceful life as a ryot; the usual answer.

The real cause of the alarm had arisen from a man being sent from the Quartermaster-general's department, to the camel-drivers and others, to tell them not to go out with their cattle very far to graze, for fear of falling in with 'budmashes.' The messenger, like a fool, mistook his orders, and as he went along called out 'the budmashes, the budmashes,' frightening our natives and startling ourselves. No budmash came near us that day.

Two good stories were told to me at this time, one of an officer of the 7th Hussars, having received a letter from a friend near Bombay, inviting him to get two or three months' leave, and go down and have some shooting. 'If you procure,' said the writer, 'two good sowaree camels, one for yourself

and the other for your servant and baggage, you can come down easily in a fortnight, only going a quiet seventy miles a day!' A pleasant prospect and easy journey to one who had never ridden a camel before!

The other story is characteristic. Some of the enemy's cavalry had very pluckily charged some of ours, coming close up to the guns which the 7th Hussars were supporting. On came the niggers, and far in advance of their body rode a fine-looking fellow, who approached quite within shot. He halted, shouted out some words, and then rode quickly back. The next day one of the troop-serjeants was describing this to his Captain: 'Ah, Sir,' said he, 'the niggers did not care for our irregulars, and as they did not know our kunker (grey) clothing, they came up towards us. But when they found us out, their leader said, "British, by G—," turned round, and was glad enough to gallop off!'

*May 9th.*—Our way now lay across very rough ground. Passing by large stone troughs and channels, which had formed part of an indigo establishment, we went over mounds of 'kunker,'\*

\* Nodules, formed of carbonate of lime containing silica and



down and across nullahs, and through patches of jungle, &c. News reached us that Sir Colin had had a stiff encounter at Barreilly, but had killed a large number of the enemy. A body of fanatic 'gazees,' it appeared, had charged into the camp, doing some injury before the 42nd were able to settle with them.

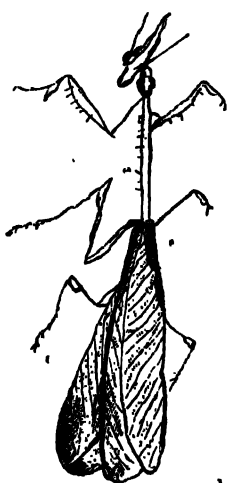
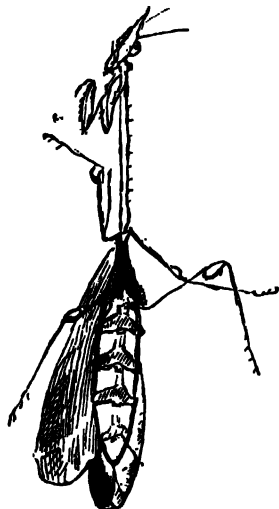
Lucknow was now reported to be safe, and we were to proceed to it by easy stages through Bunnie. As we marched along, we occasionally came upon a bit of green margin to some undried pond; which, to eyes which had seen nothing for some time but black or brown ground, was very refreshing. Then we continually started up hares, and an old European servant of mine caught one and made me a present of it. An amusing little scene occurred the day previous to our arrival at Bunnie Bridge. Five of us were lounging together in a tent, when one of the party looking up, asked what 'that' (pointing to something on the roof) 'was?' 'A straw,' said one. 'No,' answered the first, 'it is n't, it's something alive!' At last we all came to the conclusion that it was a straw. Presently another

more or less of oxide of iron. See 'Journey through Oude,' Sir W. H. Sleeman, vol. i. p. 190.

of us looked up : 'It is alive !' and we knocked it down. It was alive, to our astonishment, and proved to be the insect commonly called the 'walking straw,' of the same colour and form, and when stationary closely resembling a straw ; the difficulty of recognising it immediately was great.

The 'walking leaf' is another of this species of insect. We had an opportunity of seeing one of them a short time later. It looked very much like any of the leaves in the neighbourhood, being of the same shape and same colour ; sometimes these insects are green. The accompanying imperfect sketch shows the full size of the insect which came under our notice. The colour of its body was light green, the thick part of the legs light brown, and the four wings were of a pale green gauze. Its head it can either carry as it is here shown, with its mouth down, and its antennæ pointing to the front (like horns), or thrown back, so that that crest of his and the horns can lie quite flat along the back, the mouth then pointing straight in front. I believe it is the '*Mantis religiosa*,' or praying insect ; so called from its having a habit of sitting up and folding its arms in such a way as to give one the idea of its being at its devotions. It can easily be imagined that, among flowers and leaves, such an insect could

be overlooked. A leaf may be noticed moving, though not a breath of wind be stirring; you lift it up, and discover a number of legs beneath. And a most wonderful provision of nature it seems to be, that, in order to elude their natural enemies; these little creatures should be endowed with the appearance of the plants upon which they feed.

*Back View.**Under View.*

#### THE WALKING LEAF.

After two days' marches, we found ourselves on the old road at the bridge, having passed through the famous avenue planted by Seetlah Buksch, to which I have before alluded. It seemed quite like old times,

marching along the good road between Cawnpore and Lucknow, crossing a bridge up and down which paced the sentry, while civilians and soldiers stood by looking on, and greeting their old acquaintances.

We reached Alumbagh on the 20th; a place so familiar to us a short time before. As we pursued our way, we heard behind us the notes of a horn, reminding one and all of what had been often listened for in country places in England, when stage-coach or mail was approaching. Presently, up came a regular mail-cart, painted red, and having the words 'Lucknow Mail' on the outside. This was a pleasant sight to us, for who could help thinking of the 'old folks at home.'

Passing the Dil-Khoosha, and crossing the river, we encamped near the Martinière. The weather was terribly trying, owing to the hot winds, which sent up clouds of dust to plague us. We were not sorry, therefore, to stroll down in the evening to the Goom-tie to bathe; there, after escaping so many dangers by 'flood and field,' my unworthy life was nearly lost by drowning. I had swum to the opposite side of the rapid stream, intending to rest on the bank, but could find no footing: there was nothing for it but to turn and swim back again. Soon I perceived that I was bobbing up and down, swallowing water, although

still conscious that this was a most unwise proceeding. I was beginning to lose all hope, when fortunately my knees knocked against a sandbank, this encouraged me again, and making one more effort, I reached the land.

Awaiting orders, we passed the next few days fluctuating between hope and fear, for our ultimate destination seemed very uncertain. We had been looking forward with some complacency to remain in Lucknow, and in the hope of spending the rainy season in proper houses, instead of living in tents—by no means pleasant 'marine villas.' Thus speaks my journal :—

*May 21st. Bad news:* we are to go on another expedition; rather 'hard lines' if we do.

*22nd. Good news:* the 38th and ourselves are to be relieved, and sent in to Lucknow.

*23rd. Bad news:* we are to go on with the division, and are not to stay at Lucknow; and, on the

*24th,—*We found ourselves close to the cantonments, under a large grove of trees, closely packed, and suffering much from the heat; and though the sky showed more clouds than usual, a good many men suffered from sun-stroke and other sickness. In the evening of this day, I remarked the largest number of sick going to hospital that I had ever

seen, at one time, since I had been in the army, belonging to one regiment. •

Of the division, the 90th, four companies of the 38th, and the heavy guns, were to stay on our present ground, and were to form a standing camp, with the 3rd battalion of Rifle Brigade, with some more guns, and some of the 'Bays.' The remainder of General Grant's force, the 53rd from Lucknow, having exchanged with the rest of the 38th, proceeded to Jellalabad, to begin another 'Dour.'

## CHAPTER XV.

## REST.

WE were now encamped on the spot where the sepoy in Oude first revolted. That time will long be remembered, both in England and India. Sir Henry Lawrence (who afterwards died at Lucknow) was then Chief Commissioner at Lucknow, and everything seemed quiet and peaceful. Suddenly he heard that the sepoy in the cantonments, or native lines, about three miles outside the town, had mutinied. He immediately went out to them, with a small number of men as a guard, thinking to overawe them by a display of prompt action, and hoping, by addressing them, to bring back the misguided men to their duty. But they were not amenable to reason; but fired upon him, and attacked his party. After a sharp fight, he managed to retire into the town, leaving them masters of the field. Then the sepoy began destroying the houses, robbing and

murdering all round. The country people joined them, the whole of Oude had risen, and Lucknow was besieged.

How Lucknow was relieved by the 5th, 78th, 90th, and some other regiments under Outram and Have-lock, how the women, children, and garrison were released by the army under Sir Colin, and how Lucknow itself was taken from the enemy by him, will be well known long before my humble sketches make their appearance in public.

When we arrived in India, I had hoped to learn much more of the manners and customs of the peculiar races dwelling in the land; to have gone about the country in some comfort and safety, in order to study the beautiful objects of nature around—to seek out the wonderful remains of monuments raised by the old Mohammedans and Hindoos, and by their predecessors, and to trace how one race after another had overrun the country, giving different laws and customs to the former inhabitants, and all at last been fused together under British rule.

But the state of anarchy, of confusion in the country, on our arrival, was anything but favourable to the acquisition of knowledge about the way in which the people generally live, pursuing their various callings in field and town, and how the different



classes into which they are divided are organised. At last, however, we had hope of a little rest, a little leisure to follow more intellectual pursuits than the restless 'dour,' or the sharp engagement had afforded.

I was asked at this time to form a book-club among the officers of my regiment, one and all of whom began to find the time of inaction hang somewhat heavily on their hands, without a single new book to amuse and interest them.

I gladly accepted the task, not only on account of the advantage a good book-club would be to myself (for I had hitherto had to purchase every single volume I required, and the cost of the books and carriage out was no light matter to one person alone), but also because I expected some little amusement from comparing the tastes of my various companions with my own, in the field of literature. Alas! I little knew what I had undertaken.

I began on a very grand scale, *carte blanche* being given to me at first, both as to the expense to be incurred, and the choice of works. After a little consideration, the subscription (of course voluntary) was fixed at five rupees per month for each subscriber. New books were to be procured every month, which, after being read, were to form the basis of a regimental library, for the benefit of future youngsters,

when we ourselves should have ceased to figure in the army list.

Congratulating myself on my good fortune, in having complete freedom of selection left to me, I began presumptuously, with very exalted notions of what *might* be done in the way of providing intellectual food for my brother officers. Judging from general experience, I knew that my younger comrades at least, having joined early, or having been engaged in active service for the last few years, both in the Crimea and India, could have had little time for storing their minds with solid standard works. Of course, they *must* wish, I thought, to make more thorough acquaintance with our best authors: they should have a racy novel, now and then, as '*sauce piquante*,' but must begin by wholesome bread and butter before they took to the cake!

Among the books, therefore, sent for, were such solid works as Prescott's Conquest of Peru, Ferrier's Caravan Journey, Roscoe's Leo X., Bancroft's History of the United States, &c., interspersed with lighter material, such as Charlotte Brontë's Life, Tom Brown, Esmond, Kate Coventry, and other modern novels. Out of a long list, surely, thought I, there would be found something to suit all tastes; travels for the adventurous, history and biography for the

student of national and personal records, and romances of all kinds for the desultory reader.

The list being sent to a bookseller in Calcutta, in due course of time those volumes out of the list he had in stock were forwarded to me. And now began my troubles. There was a perfect rush for the romances, and those who could not procure them were difficult to please with what remained.

‘I say, Herford, old fellow,’ said one ‘next time, give us something sporting, “Sponge’s Tour,” for instance.’

‘Or something spicy,’ interrupted a second, “The Mysteries of London,” now.’

‘No no, I want so-and-so’s book on conchology, Herford; the “Old Red Sandstone,” I should n’t object to,’ said a third in a confidential tone of voice. While another, who had a trick of getting up odd bits of information, which he cleverly turned off again as the result of his own experience, asked for ‘Things Not Generally Known!’

But this was the first trial, and I hoped to be more successful the next time; but no—neither the next time, nor that which followed it, was I able to satisfy even the majority of my subscribers. I remember a little incident which will exemplify the diversity of opinion, even in a small society. One

day, while my administration was undergoing a somewhat animated but good-tempered criticism, one book especially seemed to give general dissatisfaction, and to be voted a 'bore.' I must confess, I had my own doubts as to its fitness for our book club. Just when its merits, or rather its demerits, had been thoroughly discussed, our 'chief' entered the mess-hut, and, catching the last word, joined in.

'What were you saying?' he enquired.

'We were abusing the "Life of Perthes."'

"Life of Perthes!" a most interesting book! I am just in the middle of it,' said the man of positive opinions, whom no one thought of contradicting — and I was saved.

Fortunately, after the first unsuccessful issue of books, I had had the foresight to write to the booksellers, requesting them to send out, monthly, a parcel, containing such new works as they should themselves judge to be of general interest, as well as the best periodicals. The announcement of this step met with general approval. Now, at least, renouncing the responsibility of selection myself, my companions would surely be satisfied. I was much amused when the first batch of books arrived from England, and was eagerly examined, to find it contained little else except a

shoal of the last works on India and its present troubled times. This, when our daily newspapers were devoted to 'pandies' and their doings, when we could hardly get the niggers out of our sight, and were continually hearing their guns, was scarcely what we wanted as a 'pleasant change of ideas,' however interesting to others differently situated such works might be.

To finish a long story, I may add that, eventually, the book club succeeded. When I left, it was in a flourishing state, and I hope it may long furnish something to interest and amuse those of the '90th' who serve in the Mofussil, as old Indians call the country, in contradistinction to the town.

But to return to our narrative. The next few days of comparative rest were passed, when I was not on picket, by walking about the neighbourhood, or riding into Lucknow. In the course of my first walk, I came upon a deserted Hindoo temple, differing little from others I had visited, save in its decorations, which were somewhat more elaborate. On its roof, which was pointed and red-tiled, were placed stone figures of monkeys, all in grotesque attitudes looking towards the sky, while inside, standing in niches round the place of sacrifice, were human figures, surmounted by elephants' heads, all, also,

carved in stone. But, perhaps, the most striking object of the whole was a crouching figure of a large bull, carved entirely in white stone. It was placed opposite the altar, looking fixedly at it. Attached to the principal part of the building were ante-rooms, the walls of which were covered with frescoes, very similar to what I have previously described.

On the 27th, I went on picket for a friend, who wished to attend the funeral of one of our brother officers, poor Gordon, a general favourite, who had sunk under the effects of the climate. He made the thirteenth officer whom our regiment had lost within the year.\*

My picket was in a fine wood of mango trees, and, making a table out of my bed, I sat and wrote in peace and shade. From this I was aroused by an exclamation from one of the men. He had been climbing a tree, and brought down a nest; finding no eggs in it, he threw the fragments of the nest on the ground. They consisted of hair, wool, and fine grass, and

\* Their names were — killed, Lieuts. Graham, Nunn, and Moultrie; Col. Campbell, Major Barnston, Brevet-Major Perrin, Capt. Denison, and Lieut. Preston, died from wounds; Lieut. Carleton, Ensigns Knox, Chute, and Gordon, and Assistant-Surgeon Nelson, had fallen sick and died.

were delicately woven together into a soft and warm texture. His exclamation was caused by seeing a grey squirrel, to whom the nest belonged, descend from a tree, and carefully and patiently carry back the remains of her home. Time after time the little creature ran up and down the tree, placing its burden on a bough, and then returning for a fresh load. Let us devoutly hope that no other rude hands will ever again disturb it when it is finished. The squirrel in India does not resemble our red one at home, with its tail resting on its back. It is of a grey colour, and its back is marked by two darker stripes, while its tail, like a long plume, floats behind.

On the 31st, our camp was advanced about three miles from the city, on the Chinhut road, our Colonel, Colonel Purnell, being placed in command of the brigade. The enemy had had an outpost in the neighbourhood of Chinhut, but when they heard of our moving up in that direction they retired. A few days afterwards, the Brigadier, accompanied by his staff and some cavalry, made a reconnaissance some miles beyond Chinhut. As they passed along, the villagers came out and complained that the sepoy had 'looted' and ill-treated them. They came upon four or five sowars, who fled, and afterwards found

out that these, who formed the enemy's advance picket, having retired on the main body, spread the report that our advanced guard, as they imagined the reconnoitring party to be, was upon them. Upon this, the whole force of the enemy retreated three miles, and then halted, not again recovering their ground. This force was said by our spies to be three thousand strong, with five guns. Four of the 'Company's' ensigns now joined us, according to the new regulations, to do duty with the regiment, and learn the system adopted in the Queen's service. The third battalion Rifle Brigade, and the 'Bays,' left us on the 11th to join Brigadier Horsford's force. It will give some idea of the fearful heat of the sun at this time, if I merely state that, going from the doctor's tent in rear, to mine in the front of the officers' line, in the middle of the day, I was seized with violent headache and vomiting. I apparently recovered the following day, but on the third I was again seized with sickness, and continued for some time very ill.

On the evening of the 12th, we received orders to send three hundred men immediately, to join General Grant at Chinhut. We presumed they were to go with him, as he intended to start early, in order to attack a large body of the enemy near Nawabgunge.



We ourselves moved on to Chinhut, and joined those who had preceded us, General Grant having started, leaving us to protect his camp and baggage.

At about nine A.M., the alarm was sounded. We were immediately under arms, and saw a number of scattered sowars running towards us, probably flying from Grant. As soon as they came upon us, evidently a great surprise for them, they made off to the right, pursued by some of our cavalry.

General Grant's expedition had been a perfect success. He had found the enemy at Nawabgunge, occupying a very good position, and having a nullah in their front. He had taken them quite unawares, and attacked them at daylight. By eight o'clock, his men were able to go quietly to breakfast, after having disposed of about six hundred of the enemy, and taken ten guns. This victory was most important, serving to daunt the enemy's courage, and causing them to break up their forces into smaller bodies, more easy to cope with, for the slender forces that were left at our disposal in Oude at this time.

We now moved back to the old cantonments, where straw-covered sheds had been erected for the men, a very necessary preparation for the wet season, which was approaching. I had been too ill to march, and was carried in a 'dooly.' This curious

contrivance for a sick man's conveyance is borne along on the shoulders of four men, two at each end. It is not uncomfortable, as the bearers keep step and time together, and swing you along with a regular motion. When the sun is too hot, the curtains are let down, and, while the bearers are carrying their burden, one or two of them will sing, or rather groan out a song, in which, at intervals, the others will join by way of chorus.

How often I wondered what they were saying! I could, from catching a word occasionally, fancy it possible that they were describing the person they were carrying — how heavy he was, and how glad they would be to get rid of him! On turning over the leaves of a book,\* some time after this was written, it amused me to find that I was right, and that, in carrying a man, the natives might say something of this sort :—

We carry a big man,  
Ho ! ho ! (chorus).  
He is as heavy as lead ;  
Ho ! ho !

We won't carry him any more ;  
Let us pitch him over.  
But he would thrash us ;  
We had better go on.

On ! on !

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\* 'The Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana,' by Mrs. Mackenzie.

Let us hope that, when carrying a lady, the strains of the bearers might be somewhat more gallant.

A few days after our return to cantonments, I had a relapse, which still kept me on the sick list. Almost every one was ill at this time, the general complaints being violent bilious attacks, like that from which I was suffering, or eruptions of large painful boils. We lived on effervescent draughts, and on fruit. To our parched palates, the quantities of mangoes, peaches, grapes, and oranges, which were now brought in, were very grateful. The peaches and oranges were very small and refreshing; but it was useless to pine for fruit such as is grown in a more temperate clime—to let our feverish imaginations wander to the fine ripe currants and gooseberries, the strawberries, hiding beneath their masses of cool green leaves, for such things were not to be had under the burning sun of India. .

The heat, which always seemed very great, had been latterly steadily increasing, until it reached its climax at the close of the hot season, which was now approaching. The rain proved a welcome guest at last, and one night we were awoken by crashing thunder, and lightning so vivid that the only way to shut it out was by tying something firmly over the eyes. Then down pelted the rain in the heaviest thunderstorm

ever known. It lasted about two hours, and the next morning everything was bright and fresh once more, —the earth had received new life. The rain, however, had one attendant inconvenience. It had aroused the innumerable living creatures which dwell in and on the earth here, and which cannot stand the wet. Accordingly, they take refuge in any place which will afford them shelter, and what more pleasant to them than a warm, wide-spread tent? So, one of those who slept in the same tent as myself, had the agreeable surprise of finding two scorpions under his pillow next morning. But, in India, 'these things,' we are always told for our consolation, 'are nothing when you're used to them!'

When we were previously quartered in Lucknow, at the 'Zoor Buksh,' a nigger had come round to Cherry, and other officers of 'ours,' offering to measure them for boots and shoes. He stated that he had been a band corporal in the —th Native Infantry, and made himself out to be a great sufferer by the mutiny. Cherry mentioned the fact to Ward, who had been in the same regiment, but was now serving with the Bengal Artillery.

'It is very strange,' said Ward; 'I ought to know the fellow; there was a prominent man amongst the rebels answering to your description, when we were

in the Residency. 'Many a time we tried to shoot him down, as he was well known among the men.'

Suspicion was now aroused, and information was given about the town, but nothing was again heard of the man for some time. 'Thomas,' the official in charge of the chief powder magazine, was especially warned to be on the look-out. A few days after our return to cantonments, months having elapsed since the fellow was first seen, Thomas was in the magazine-yard, and heard a noise at the gate. He found some of the police trying to turn off a man who insisted on being admitted. Thomas recognised him at once, and asked him what he wanted.

'I am a boot wallah,' he replied; 'do you want any shoes?' 'Yes,' said Tom; 'come in.' The fellow was let in, and then secured. He was tried, mutiny proved, and he was hanged a day or two later. He had been for a long time spying regularly, and but for his temerity in telling half the truth in making up his story, might much longer have escaped punishment.

Two good bits of news reached us about this time. The first, that the Moulvie, or Mohammedan Chief Priest, who had given us so much trouble in Oude, had been killed in the neighbourhood; and the second, that the infamous Ranee of Jhansie had been

slain in a fight sustained with Sir Hugh Rose's troops. This last piece of intelligence gave universal satisfaction; for, had she fallen into our hands alive, we might have had some trouble in disposing of her. She had been a great friend of the Nana, and had tortured and killed great numbers of our women and children, evidently taking a delight in the sufferings of her victims. It was impossible to help remarking now, how everything was tending to the complete subjugation of the country, and it was evident that the war would soon be over. In fact, Sir Colin himself said that there was 'very little more to do.'

## CHAPTER XVI.

## IN CANTONMENTS.

**J**ULY 2nd.—The rain, which had been coming down in good heavy showers regularly for the last five days, really did us good service. It cooled the air in the day-time, and the early mornings and evenings were now very agreeable, as far as temperature was concerned.

The great drawback to our perfect enjoyment of this change was, certainly, the commotion in the insect world which the rain created. It became a positive necessity to keep a man for the express purpose of fanning away the flies. Neither eating nor drinking nor sleeping were possible, when honoured by their presence. We could not dine till eight o'clock; and then, having recovered from the stupifying effects of the heat during the day, and attracted by the brightness of the candle and the whiteness of the tablecloth, the flies became more numerous and audacious than ever, accom-

panied by grasshoppers, beetles, mosquitoes, and flying ants.

Some one gives a start, and cries out, 'What's that running across the table?' 'A centipede!' 'Kill him! kill him!' is the cry from all sides (gentle reader, he is very venomous), and we hunt him out. Order being restored, we sit down again to find a number of flies in our half-emptied tumblers, three or four beetles paddling in the soup, while an adventurous grasshopper, having in vain dashed himself against the glass shade which protects the candle, revenges himself by springing into the face of the nearest individual, giving it a pretty smart rap. Such are the delights of the rainy season in India.

But, when walking or riding about, one was struck by the beauty of the foliage, and the trees scarcely could be recognised from the wondrous change effected by the rain in their appearance.

My severe attack of illness now changed its character, and began to take the form of intermittent fever. The attacks could only be staved off by large doses of quinine, the effect of which was to make me deaf for a short time, and feel as if intoxicated. Still, in the evening, after these seizures, I was able to walk about a little, and to visit some of the gardens in the neighbourhood which had been left untouched



by the soldiers, or our ruthless camp-followers, all of whom delight in wanton mischief and destruction.

Accompanied by a brother 'sub,' we made our way over fields and plantations, and through holes in walls, in order to reach the place. We found everything in the same state as the owners had left it; the paths and flower-beds untouched; the swing, a favourite amusement with the native women, hanging in its old place. There was a charm in the perfect stillness around us — perhaps one even more great in the distance from the camp, and that not a soldier was to be seen. Passing on, we came to gardens better kept than the first we visited, where we found gardeners working away, weeding, &c. They hastened to assure us that their masters were away, and to bring forward placards stating that the owners of the place were good and loyal subjects, and that their property was to be respected. They were evidently startled at the sight of two officers clambering over the walls, and throwing open doors and gates; but we reassured them, and tried to convince them that we had no intention of carrying away the gardens in our pockets. I noticed the luxuriant growth of the rhododendron, almost as fine as at the Cape, the double jasmin, the lemon and the orange trees. But what struck my fancy most (per-

haps from its novelty to me), was the 'mignonette tree,' a shrub which grows to a very large size, and has the same flower and the sweet scent, as our common mignonette, with the addition, on its branches, of sharp spines.

On July 9th, the men began to take possession of the huts or sheds built for them by Government. These were made each to contain fifty men; the roofs were thatched and the sides left open, it being intended that the curtains of the tents should be made use of by being extended across the openings, when required to keep out rain or wind. A building mania also seized the officers, who set to work to provide shelter for themselves during the wet season, and to build a hut and kitchen for the mess.

Although the construction of these was extremely simple, the side panels as well as the roofs being of thatch, there was infinite trouble in collecting the necessary materials for building, as well as men to do the work. Government had seized upon everything, and employed all hands to labour for it. Still, some shelter was as necessary for us as for the men. We shall see presently how our arduous labours were rewarded.

In the afternoon of the 9th, we were visited by a fall of rain, to which the heavy showers of the

previous days seemed mere jokes in comparison. It was preceded by a dust storm, and then wind; then down poured the rain, accompanied by flashes of most vivid lightning. I was on duty that day, and had to visit the regimental guards. Between the quarters of the men and those of the officers ran a sunken road, on one side of which was a ditch, hitherto nearly dry. On proceeding towards the men's lines, about four hours after the rain had set in, I found the road flooded, and saw even the passing natives were floundering about in the water. When at last they found a shallow ford, I followed a train of them across; the water nearly reached to my waist. Our men were miserable that day—every hut on its platform was an island. As for myself, I had so much difficulty in going round the camp that (not wishing to lose my life in a drain—an accident by no means impossible in the darkness of the night) I applied for and obtained leave not to go the night-rounds. How great was the thirst of the parched land, may be conceived from the fact that, by the close of the following day, the rain having ceased in the night, nearly all the water had sunk into the ground.

The following Sunday, being a gala day, I walked to a neighbouring village, and found all the natives dressed in their best. Those among the men who

could afford it had shawls round their waists, and I thought that the women's long bands of linen, edged generally with red, and wound round the body and over the head, serving as petticoat, boddice, and mantilla all in one, looked cleaner and whiter than usual. They seemed, too, to have on an increased number of bracelets and anklets, and looked much in character with the tempting wares displayed in stalls in the lower part of every house. Here every variety of useful and ornamental articles might be purchased, from the favourite betel-nut to the solid silver bracelet, curiously worked and intricately jointed by native jewellers. Next to the hooka stalls, where pipes of every form, shape, and size were to be had, was appropriately placed the 'joggerie' seller, whose paste, a mixture of tobacco and opium, is smoked a great deal in the hubble-bubbles. From this bazaar we walked to the little Protestant church, built in peaceful times for the use of the officers and civilians who had lived in the neighbourhood. It had been a small and simple edifice, but was now almost in ruins, and bare spaces on the walls showed how rude hands had torn down the tablets erected by affection, long before, to the memory of some relation or friend.

We were now getting on merrily with our huts,

stables, drains, &c. One of my brother officers having finished his building, entered his hut for the first time on the 16th, and four of us celebrated the 'house-warming' by dining with him. The hut was extremely comfortable, and in every respect better than a tent. Mine was almost finished too; the roof was on, the moveable shutters nearly ready, and it only required a day or two more labour expended on it to be quite habitable. The mess-kitchens and mess-hut, too, were ready for the opening of the mess; in fact, everything which could be required for a three months' residence in the wet season was being completed. But of what avail? Useless proved all our trouble—vain had been our expenditure of time and money. On the evening of the same day that my friend took possession of his new quarters, we received orders to proceed the 'following Monday to Nawabgunge,' beyond Chinhut. Everybody was in bad humour at the news; and no wonder. No one could reasonably deny us the consolation of a good grumble!

In contrast to this evil intelligence, came that which gave universal pleasure, about the same time. It was that Sir James Outram had been created a baronet, as a just acknowledgment of his late valuable services. To us, indeed, this reward seemed

quite inadequate to the merits of our old favourite, who had recently added to his popularity by ordering a number of English newspapers to be sent regularly to our hospital for the amusement of the sick and wounded, and by a handsome present to the regiment of an interesting set of books for the use of the men.

On Wednesday the 21st, we started to Nawabgunge, encamping at Chinhut the first day, and reaching our destination on the next. At Chinhut we witnessed a curious phenomenon. The day had been close and sultry, and, in the evening, we had a thunderstorm. Wade, two other officers, and myself, were gathered round a favourite dog, called 'Towzer.' Wade had just sat down, and had his hand on the dog, when we were suddenly surprised to see what had the appearance of a ball of fire close to Towzer's head. For a second or two we were all blinded by the light, and almost stunned by the deafening clap of thunder which followed immediately afterwards. The dog went yelping away, but, miraculously, neither it nor any one of us was injured by the electric fluid.

Our encampment at Nawabgunge was on a large sandy plain, having in its rear a nullah, in front the village, and, stretching to its left, the Kaisingunge and

Bhetai jungle. On the plain we found a number of straw sheds for the men, resembling those at the cantonments, as well as a number of huts which the officers of the Second Battalion Rifle Brigade, lately quartered there, had built for themselves. I was fortunate enough to procure one of these, which seemed to be very solid and very cool. And a curious little place it was—a mud cottage, with thatched roof and white-washed walls, forming a room about fourteen feet wide and eighteen feet long. Outside, it looked very like an Irish cabin; but I was delighted with this little ‘palace’—with something I could pretend to call a house (for it had a doorway, and holes for windows), and to feel myself ‘monarch of all I surveyed.’ But I soon found that my sovereignty was disputed, and by an enemy, insignificant in appearance, but very destructive, and much to be dreaded. On a more close examination than I had made at first, I found the beams, posts, and walls of my house literally honeycombed by the white ant. This little creature, not a quarter of an inch long, will, with its companions, pierce walls, burrow into and destroy any wood, and, unless closely watched and fought, will get into one’s portmanteau and destroy every vestige of clothing. I had many opportunities of watching these indefatigable insects at work. Their

bodies alone are white, extremely soft and transparent, while their head and shoulders are brown in colour, cased in a hard substance forming quite a coat of mail, and their jaws are of great strength. They cannot bear the light, and, when obliged to work in the open air, as, for instance, climbing up trees, or the posts and beams of a hut, or going up a wall, they build for themselves, as they move on, a sort of mud covering, which hardens, enabling them to move up and down as we do under a railway tunnel. Subjected to their attacks, in a very short time posts and beams will give way, the roof will fall in, and nothing but a ruin be left!

The Sunday following our arrival at Nawabgunge (July 25th) was memorable from its being the first time, for many months, that we had an ordained clergyman to officiate at divine service, instead of its being read by the commanding officer. The clergyman came from Lucknow, and he gave us an extremely good practical sermon, in a style which the men could thoroughly comprehend. He talked to them rather than at them, and avoided the use of hard words. Great attention to what he said was paid by the men, whose interest was awakened by his unusual commencement. 'Let me have a stool to stand on, so that I may look at you all, men,' said



he, for the regiment formed as usual a square, in the centre of which the preacher stood. Any smiles following this request soon gave place to greater seriousness, when he began in earnest but simple words to address the soldiers.

It is a pity that those who have to preach to the uneducated, and indeed to the educated classes, in most instances, do not use more simple language in general, and, putting aside flowers of rhetoric, labour to bring the subject of their sermons within the comprehension of their hearers. If they did so, pulpit exhortations would be of much greater avail than they often are at present. How wearisome—how injurious, sometimes—are either the long flowery discourses given forth, or the awful condemnations hurled from the pulpit! Divine mercy and love, pardon and peace, are surely greater incentives to repentance and good deeds, than rambling discourses on disputed points of doctrine, or frightful pictures of eternal wrath and vengeance.

Goldsmith's 'village preacher' is a good example for many a 'reverend champion' to follow :

In his duty prompt, at every call,  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

General Grant was now on his road to Fyzabad, and on August 13th orders were received for the Bengal Fusiliers, who were with us, to start immediately for Derriabad. The weather, however, was so bad, the waters so high, and the roads so impassable owing to the late rains, that they could not go till eight o'clock the following morning. A report, indeed, arose that we ourselves were to be off on a 'dour,' the spies having said that 1,500 niggers were coming down on a 'Thanna,' or police station, about five miles off, which had but few men in it. On the cavalry being sent out to reconnoitre, the enemy was found not to have stirred, so we were left in peace again.

We were reinforced the following day by a wing of the 88th from Lucknow, and on the 19th discovered that the reports of the spies had only anticipated the movements of the enemy by a few days.

A body of sepoy did surprise the Thanna; had killed the sentry and five other men, and, after wounding nine more very severely, retired. The chief 'Thannadar' and his second had hidden themselves and got away. We sent off our cavalry at once, and brought in the wounded men. The enemy were not to be seen. The unfortunate police were

fearfully hacked about, and amputation was necessary in more than one case. The 'Thannadar' was afterwards found hidden in a well. At first, it was determined to send a company to protect the Thanna, but our force being weak, numbering only 1,500, and the enemy collecting in large numbers in the neighbourhood, it was thought unadvisable to send away any troops.

The police, however, returned to their station, declaring that the moment they caught sight of the sepoy they would again run away!

We now really began to feel ourselves in settled quarters, and had leisure to look about us, and visit all that was interesting in the neighbourhood.

One day we rode to the field where General Grant had gained such an important victory over the enemy. A great many bodies were still lying on the ground, some of them with their heads clean cut off, and others with severe sword-cuts down through the bones, showed that our cavalry can use their swords to very good purpose. The battle of Nawabgunge may henceforth be very justly cited as an answer to a reproach which is very commonly brought against our mounted troops. \*

Another day, having gone to parade at half-past five o'clock, and found to my satisfaction that I was

not wanted, my company being away, I had my pony saddled and away I rode. The clouds, though they betokened no rain for the present, sufficiently covered the sky to prevent the sun favouring me with a beam. The air was fresh and pleasant, and sometimes even quite a cold breeze was felt. How invigorating it was to me, and how the pony snuffed it up and dashed off faster than ever! On we went over the very old quaint and picturesque stone bridge, with its four moss-grown stone pillars left standing upon it, and along the road leading to the village of Nawabgunge. We cantered through a grove of very old mango-trees, and come into the narrow village street.

At this time the natives were celebrating the feast of the 'Mohurram,' and all was in commotion. This is a Mohammedan festival in honour of two of the followers of the 'Prophet.' In the evening numberless lamps are lighted, muskets are fired off, chatties filled with powder explode, and as for chaunting and 'the tum-tum,' their delightful noise now may be heard all day and all night long! One long very narrow street, on each side of which were dingy two-storied houses, composed the village of Nawabgunge. To each house is attached a sort of verandah projecting over the footpath, or rather what

would be one, did it not serve as a platform upon which the shopkeepers display their wares, and sit smoking hubble-bubbles. The road was so narrow, that, in order to get out of the way of the horses' feet, foot passengers had to clamber up into the shops, or rush into the nearest recesses on the approach of anyone.

The women, whose dress is usually composed of a jacket and a skirt, generally of blue cotton, turned their backs on me, re-entered their houses, or hid their faces in the large piece of white muslin which enveloped their whole persons, as I passed by. In this region it was their custom not to show their faces to strangers, and, as for the higher class of women, they are never seen at all. They go out in carriages or palanquins only, so shut up that, although *they* can see out, no one can see *in*. It is the test here of a man's wealth if he can keep the females of his household shut out from the rest of the world. The higher class of women are represented as being much fairer than their poorer sisters, owing to their not being so exposed to the sun, and they are always laden with ornaments. I was told that they seemed to like their own mode of life, and wondered how the European ladies could enjoy going about unaccompanied by a long train of

servants, and not carried about, like timorous blackbirds, in a darkened cage.

A brisk ride through the fields and groves soon brought me back to the very different life of the camp.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## NAWABGUNGE.

ON August 26th, we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness for an expedition, planned by the Commissioner who was with us. At first, of course, we were kept in ignorance of the nature of our duty, but had little difficulty in guessing that a surprise was intended, as elephants were to be provided for the use of the men, that they might be fresh for work at the end of their journey. It was very dark when we paraded, for the moon, though she was nearly at the full, was hidden behind thick clouds. Presently I saw a high black mass before me — it was the line of elephants: there were forty of them, and each one was to carry four men, making, besides cavalry, 160 bayonets. At a given signal, the elephants were ordered to kneel, and slowly down the huge animals came. Then four soldiers clambered up upon each of them, and sat on the mattress affair, which served for a saddle. There

was nothing to protect the men from the sun, in the way of awnings. Once again the signal was given, and the elephants were ordered to rise. Slowly, very slowly, they raised themselves first on their fore legs, so that one would have thought nothing could remain on their backs, and then as slowly they got on their hinder legs. My horse, like most of his kind, did not approve of the whole proceeding, and, as he hated elephants, gave me the benefit of his caprices by continually shying, backing, and snorting, the whole day.

Off we set: the dark clouds at last passed away and unveiled the moon, and, even when bright day appeared, we still rode on — through fields of Indian corn, nearly as high as my pony's head, through fields of wheat and rice, the latter about a foot and a-half deep in water, and through dense jungles of prickly bushes and evergreen shrubs, among which the myrtle blossomed, and gave out its sweet fragrance.

We halted for a few minutes in a field of green corn, waiting for those in rear to come up, and the elephants began to make good use of their time by feeding. I was struck with the expeditious manner of the elephants in clearing a whole field of its crop. Twisting the end of his trunk round a sheaf of corn, the animal would root it up, de-



liberately knock it once or twice against its fore legs, in order to beat out the dirt from the roots, and then cram it into his mouth. In a few moments a whole field would be left quite bare under this clearing process. Marching across country, all kinds of crops suffered terribly, more especially those of the sugar-cane, where the elephants were assisted by the natives, who shared their passion for this food.

After a ride of thirteen miles, we reached the village, where we had hoped to surprise the enemy; but, as we had experienced over and over again thanks to the system of spying pursued by the natives, they had of course retreated. So complete indeed was the spy system, that not a thing could even be whispered in our camp, but it was almost immediately known to our adversaries; we could not therefore be astonished that they had got intelligence of our movements. So we followed about three miles, through more fields and denser jungle, until at last we caught sight of the foe, who welcomed us by firing their matchlocks. We dismounted, and formed up. Cunning people! They had got safely into a fort, hidden by the dense foliage and brushwood around it, and to which there was but one entrance, known only to themselves, which was of course well guarded. The place was a perfect labyrinth. This fort proved to

be the famous Bhetai, but we did not know anything about it at the time, and were not in a condition to attack a stronghold like this. We fired our two guns, but the red flag which waved proudly over the fort refused to come down. Our fire was returned with interest, by their matchlocks and a 'ginjall,' but fortunately did no damage, except to one artillery horse. We observed here and there puffs of smoke rise from the bushes, which we knew concealed a good many niggers.

Before we arrived near the fort, we received a cool message from the enemy, to say, 'that if we went away quietly, they would do us no harm!' — and when we saw how ineffectual any attack upon the fort would be, and were forced to retire, they did not attempt to follow us. The elephants were mounted once more, and we turned homewards, not a little mortified to feel that the enemy had this time 'done' us so completely. It was a weary march back, and we reached the camp, after being out thirteen hours, tired and dispirited. The Begum, we heard two days after, had received the report of the defenders of Bhetai, how 'that 300 had repulsed 2,000, with 20 guns,' with great satisfaction; and she promised to reinforce them with two infantry regiments.

With the small force that we had at Nawabgunge,

only 1,500, it was idleness indeed to expect, that, besides carrying out our orders, which were to keep the enemy at bay, and maintain the communication between us and the force at Derriabad open, we could hold a jungle many miles in extent, and containing a number of the strongest forts in Oude. None of these could be taken without great loss of life, for which we should have obtained no equivalent; while, whenever the Commander-in-chief should come up with his army, the forts would certainly be evacuated by the rebels, without a shot being fired.

One day we received information that a 'dangerous character' was concealed in a village not far from us. Accordingly, we sent to look for him, and found a man in one of the houses, wearing his red coat, and armed. He little suspected that we should hear anything about him, he being in his native village. It turned out that he was a small landowner there, and had entered one of our native regiments as a sepoy; then, either becoming disgusted with the life of a mutineer, or deeming the following of it too perilous, he had retired to his paternal acres. Unlucky man! Here he found his brother settled on the property, and by no means pleased to see the rightful owner of it return to

claim it. But there still remained a chance for the younger brother : he knew he had but to inform against the claimant of the land, to rid himself of him. This was no great trouble ; so he very coolly let us know where the sepoy was to be found, and of course we had no resource but to hang him when he fell into our hands. It is needless to dilate on the pleasure it would have given us to have hung the younger brother himself, had it been possible to do so. •

The noise made at night round the camp at this time by dogs, wild cats, jackals, and wolves, was something fearful : first would begin the loud ringing hideous laugh of the jackal, then the snarling and growling of dogs, together with the ‘miawing’ and spitting of the jungle cat, followed by the prolonged deep sepulchral howl of a wolf or two. To be suddenly awakened by one of these howls just outside your door cannot be said to have an exhilarating effect on the spirits ; and at once the question rises to one’s mind, ‘ Are the goats safe ? ’ for wolves are fond of goats, as one of our officers found out to his cost by having one of his carried off. But this was not the most serious mischief done by these cowardly beasts, who seldom attack a full-grown man, but will carry off little children that may fall in their way.

Two horrible instances of this nature occurred, one at the camp at Chimbhut, when we passed through, and the second on September 22nd, when the child of a 'Saacs,' or horsekeeper, of one of our officers was carried off from Nawabgunge. •

But, on the whole, I was astonished at the comparatively small annoyance experienced in India, up-country, from wild animals, serpents, and insects. I had expected in the wet season, from what I had heard, that scorpions would get into my boots, numberless centipedes lurk among the clothes, carpet-snakes coil up on my chair, and occasionally a cobra, issuing from some corner or other, wriggle into the middle of the room, and, sitting down as it were on its tail, would sway its head to the right and left preparatory to making a spring at me. As for going any distance out of doors, had things been really as they were often described — with cobras, tip-go-longas (the most venomous snake in India), and boa-constrictors to be met with at every turn, — it was not to be thought of. But the longer the stay in India the more does one become acquainted with the use that has been made of that old-fashioned and often dangerous weapon, the *long-bow*. By-the-by, talking of long-bows recalls to my mind what occurred near Nawabgunge about this time. There happened to be police

stations in many of the surrounding villages, the native police living in mud-built forts, enclosed by strong walls, and having a short square watch-tower in one corner for observation. The men being armed with matchlocks, ought, had they been worth anything at all, to have been able to defend a place like this against three or four times their number; however, in the middle of the night, one of these forts happened to be attacked by a number of men armed only with bows and arrows; the police became paralysed from fear, and not only never fired a shot from their matchlocks, which are as formidable as muskets in the hands of an expert native, but did not even shut the gate. The man on guard was killed, and the rest were easily overpowered by the bow-men, who, having plundered the village and done as much mischief as they could, decamped.

In consequence of the threatening attitude of the niggers, who, protected by the large track of jungle near us, had been assembling in the neighbourhood, the 23rd R.W.F. and four guns were sent up to us from Lucknow. As at Alumbagh, the enemy were beginning to think we ought no longer to be allowed to cumber the ground, and they decided on a general attack — words only, not followed by deeds.

For the last fortnight bodies of the enemy, amounting to nearly 15,000 men, had been hovering about; coming occasionally within six miles of us, but taking alarm at the least thing, and returning across the Gogra for a few days. They were much in want of provisions, and were driven by hunger into villages near us in order to plunder. About September 16th, our camels having been taken out farther than usual to feed, the niggers seized thirty-five of them, and severely wounded an "oont wallah," or camel-driver. The next day Powell, of the Bays, set off with a party in the direction of the marauders, and, coming upon a number of budmashes, captured six of them, who were handed over to the Commissioner. They were armed with matchlocks and tulwars, the latter being extremely sharp and well oiled.

On the 20th the patrol, having been sent out in the morning to some villages close by, were fired upon; and men and cavalry were observed in the jungle, near Dewa. On the following morning (Tuesday the 21st) one of Hodson's Horse came in to say that more doolies were wanted, as Powell, with about 86 of the Bays, had been attacked, some men killed and wounded, and the dooly-bearers cut up. Powell had gone reconnoitring with his men, and just beyond Dewa, having observed a few

cavalry, followed them. The niggers retired farther into the jungle, and when Powell was quite close to it drums and toms-toms were heard, and two guns suddenly appeared about sixty yards in front, and began pouring out grape. Our men had been entrapped, and a regular army was hidden in the jungle. Powell was forced to retire, having four men killed and two wounded, and the dooly-bearers were cut up during the retreat. But for a most masterly stroke on his part, he would have suffered still more.

On escaping the trap set for him by the enemy, he retired some little distance, just sufficient to allow him to re-form and have a good start. Then suddenly wheeling round he charged into the midst of the astonished pursuers and threw them into great confusion; then he turned again and rode leisurely home. He was followed by two regiments of cavalry to within six miles of Nawabgunge, and twelve of the enemy were killed.

On the other side of us, about this time, Munsub-ali had attacked a village on the road to Derriabad. He had taken a number of prisoners, looted the place, and, having burnt some Government carts and killed their drivers, who were resting, decamped. The police, as usual, had fled.



This Munsub-ali was ordered a short time previously by the Begum, to attack Nawabgunge. Finding her orders were not obeyed, she sent to demand the reason of his conduct. 'I am not,' replied Munsub-ali, 'such a fool as to make the attempt by myself; but *when I hear your guns* in that direction, I shall hasten to help you.'

The independent chief was, however, drawn into an encounter with a body of troops composed of a strong party from our camp, in conjunction with a force from Lucknow, the whole being under the command of Colonel Bulwer. Being vanquished, he fled on a bare-backed horse, but was killed by one of his own countrymen who wished to show himself friendly to us. Munsub-ali was a man who truly merited his reputation as a cruel and bloodthirsty wretch; his various methods of torturing his victims, his refinement of savage brutality, were too horrible to be described.

September 25th, if not a red-letter *day* with me, had at least a red-letter night; for on it I saw the first firefly of this year and the first comet in my life, the great comet of 1858. I was on picket, and was struck by seeing a pale green flame lighting up the heavens above me, and moving very rapidly along its course. To use a hunting phrase, it 'took' a strip

of cloud in a very few seconds, disappearing and reappearing as quick as thought, then speeded to the horizon and vanished. This wonderful comet quite made the enemy lose heart. They said it was shown to them as a 'broom' to sweep away the 'Delhi and Lucknow raj'—the word 'jharoo' signifying in Hindostani both 'comet' and 'broom.' The people began to acknowledge that the Queen was destined to rule over the whole of India.

This comet recalls to my recollection another evening when, being on duty, I sat outside my tent smoking, and watched the pale green light appear amidst the bright stars. The day had been very fine; the sun had set a little after six o'clock, and left a crimson cross of cloud in the heavens, which, fading away, allowed the crescent moon to show herself in her purity. It was a lovely night, and all sounds in camp had died away, and nothing broke upon the stillness but the voice of one of the men, who was telling a long story to a comrade a little distance from me. I sat listening to the voice, lazily at first, until a chance word aroused my attention, and I was soon deeply interested in the story-teller and his tale.

It was about one of his comrades who had been wounded. The narrator, it seemed, had been shut up in Lucknow before we came up, and he was

addressing one who had not been there. Cleverly he described the position of himself and his friend, the manner in which the latter had been wounded, and the cool fortitude of the man under the surgeon's hands, and how this had pleased the doctor. 'Home,' said he, omitting the '*doctor*,' 'was *wonderful* proud of Hinds — he is always proud of those who take pain without flinching.' Then followed an account of the anxious nursing of his comrade, the self-denial practised by the speaker himself, and the dangers he went through in order that his friend should not want in little comforts and luxuries. Then, how the doctor treated them both (for the speaker had himself been wounded too, but was then recovering) — how he did everything that could make the pain less felt — and how, after watching over him night and day, his friend had the satisfaction of finding Hinds fit to travel, and had sent him away with his whole little stock of money. 'For you know,' continued the unseen speaker, 'Hinds would want many a little thing on the road, and *he* had got no money.' So he bade him good-by, and the wounded man went down the country and embarked for England. Hinds was not ungrateful, and before he left Calcutta had written to his kind-hearted friend to thank him for his attention, and added 'he only wished he had

some money, so as to be able to make him a present.' But you know I did not want any money; I had done the best I could for him, poor fellow, but that was no more than *I ought* — *he* had looked after me kindly a time before.'

So much about his friend — after which followed the speaker's own history. His wound became worse again, and he was left a long time in hospital. Hearing, however, that some men were to be sent to rejoin the regiment (he was then at Cawnpore), he managed to deceive the doctor and present himself before the officer as being quite well. 'For,' said he, 'I could not stand the men fighting away in front, and I left lying quiet in hospital.' So he was allowed to start with the others; and, the marches being long, his leg, which had been shot through, became exceedingly painful. Still he would neither give in nor tell a doctor, and by the time he arrived at Alumbagh his leg was fearfully swollen, and the pain was almost intolerable.

Now it is often thought, even by those who ought to know them best, and I myself had had cause to share in this opinion, that soldiers as a rule are low down in the scale of humanity, as far as feeling, if not intelligence, is concerned. Their own hard lives, the sight of bloodshed and brutality familiarised to

them, make them, perhaps, in exterior at least, indifferent to the sufferings of others. But, here was a lesson received that quiet night of what glorious exceptions there are to the rule, if such it be. Here was an instance how a private, no higher apparently than his comrades, could practise rigid self-denial, and go through danger for the sake of a fellow man, without any desire or idea of reward; how he could recognise and respect quiet silent fortitude; how he could feel a real respect for his officers, though they might often go against his supposed interest; and that he could have, and often had, a certain clear sense of duty and fairness to others.

The beginning of October found us almost ready with our preparations for the winter campaign, which was soon to commence. The Commander-in-chief was collecting his forces, and we expected very soon that all our large army would be in motion against the enemy. The weather was becoming quite cold and pleasant, the thermometer having fallen to 82° Fahrenheit; and, though this temperature might be considered warm in England, it was not to be grumbled at in India. We were, therefore, quite reconciled to the prospect of our work during the ensuing six months, even should it consist of march-

ing about the whole time. As for my personal comfort, it was likely to be considerably increased when we should all be under canvas once more. I had just purchased and received a comfortable new tent. Hitherto, owing to the destruction of the tent manufactories, by the rebels, it had been impossible to have one made. I had, therefore, shared a tent belonging to Government, with two, and sometimes three, other officers. I must confess that I contemplated the enjoyment of a little more privacy for the future with some satisfaction. There are moments, as everyone knows, when even 'the best fellow in the world' may be a little *de trop*; and when one is forced by circumstances to be *always* with people with whom one may have little in common, whose ideas, manners, and tastes, may be totally opposed to one's own, the case is trying; and I may be pardoned a somewhat selfish exultation at beholding my canvas of fourteen feet square, and knowing it was to shelter, inside, myself alone.

*October 15th, 1858.*—This day a year ago, says my journal, I was leaving Futtehpore for Cawnpore; the mutiny was at its height, and my small part in its suppression had just commenced: one little year flown, and this day found a few scattered bands of the once formidable foe flying from our troops; its

power for evil had passed away, and our work was very nearly over. ‘And this time next year?’ I asked myself: as far as India was concerned, there were many bright hopes for it — hopes which I have lived to see fully realised. It is not my intention — nor would it be consistent with a mere sketch like this — to enter deeply, either into the causes of the ‘Mutiny,’ or to dwell on the political and social position of India at the time I knew it. But, even to the most careless observer, it could not but be apparent how much the country was about to gain by the plan, now the theme of general conversation, of placing India under the immediate government of the Crown, instead of that of the East India Company. Whatever had been the previous system, it was evident that it had contributed little towards the improvement of the moral and social condition of the subjects under its rule. The white man in India had hitherto seemed to throw off all responsibilities; to have thought he had nothing to do except to look after his own interests; to amass wealth which should be spent in another country; and to make the few years he was obliged to spend in this as agreeable as possible, by surrounding himself with every luxury and amusement. Meanwhile, so long as the native appeared to do no injury to

those *above* him, as long so he paid his taxes and gave no trouble, he was allowed to go on in his old ways, to practise the most abominable customs, and to live in a state of most horrible idolatry. Nay more, the greatest respect was apparently paid to his religious practices ; the mildest interference was not only discouraged, but often prohibited. This system of indolent indulgence to what could not in any way benefit the masses, or aid the progress of civilisation, was only productive of a false feeling of security. There were numbers of designing men (men who had been schooled in the intriguing native courts, especially that of Lucknow), men, once large and wealthy landholders, most of whom, having aggrandised themselves at the expense of their neighbours, had been dispossessed and checked by us in their struggle for power, who were watching the moment for rousing against us the simple, credulous lower orders, in order to serve their own purposes of personal ambition and vengeance. One has but to look at our demagogues and workpeople at home, or to observe the influence of the ecclesiastics over the peasantry abroad, to know what may be done with simple, ignorant people by unscrupulous men.

In India, it needed only for the people to be told by their superiors in wealth and understanding that



their religion was in danger, and that their women would be interfered with, to excite them at once; and it was only when we had shown them how completely they had been deceived, how utterly hopeless any contest with us must be, and how little vindictive we should prove, that they became content, as I believe they will henceforth continue, to hold to our rule.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE NEW 'RAJ.'

THE day to which all had looked forward with some degree of eagerness dawned at last. The ceremony which excited so much interest far and near took place. Monday, November 1st, was the time appointed for issuing the Queen's proclamation all over India, and for it to be opened in state, and read both in English and Hindostani to the people. Many were the speculations as to what it would contain, and what would be its effect on the natives. Copies of it were to be sent to the leaders of the rebels; and it was universally thought that on the occasion of Her Majesty's formally taking possession of India, an amnesty might be granted with a good grace to many of those who were still in arms against us. Many who did not care much for the East India Company—which, strange to say, some of the natives believed to be an old man, and others an

old woman—might, when governed by a live sovereign, be converted into peaceable, faithful subjects. Perhaps the fact of her being backed by a very large European army, which they had never dreamed we could assemble in India, might stimulate their loyalty. Accordingly, on this important morning, the 'dressing' bugle sounded earlier than usual—long before daylight; and when I went out, the moon had still got the sky all to herself. I certainly wished that, besides bestowing a little light, she could have given out a little warmth; for, though the thermometer had only fallen to 63°, the nights and mornings were very cold. It must be remembered that during the twenty-four hours we had a difference in the temperature of nearly thirty degrees, and in the hottest part of the day the thermometer rose to 90°.

But at last day broke, and when the glorious sun had risen we marched off to a large plain not far from the camp, where the rest of the troops were assembled. The artillery, cavalry (Bays and Sikhs), the 23rd, part of the 88th, and ourselves, formed three sides of a square, while a crowd of natives, assembled from the neighbouring villages, formed the fourth. In the centre were the brigadier (Colonel Purnell) and his staff, and the Commissioner, to whom was deputed the reading of the proclamation.

It was handed to him in a large packet, of which he broke the seals, and read, amid a general silence, in English first, that 'Her Majesty assumed the government of India, and that the East India Company was no more. It declared that the Queen appointed Lord Canning her first "Viceroy," and Governor-General of India; that she did not intend to interfere with the religious prejudices of any class of her subjects, and that pardon would be extended to all the rebels who had not been directly concerned in the atrocities committed upon the Europeans, provided they would retire to their homes and begin to live peaceably before the end of the year,' &c. Having read this to us, the natives were to be addressed in their own language; but what was the Commissioner's dismay when, lo! there was no Hindostani translation ready for him: he must make a translation himself at sight. This was no easy matter, but he did it; and as, fortunately for him, few of us knew anything about the language, his performance could not be criticised by us; and as for the natives, they were too frightened to take much notice of what was said—they did not seem quite certain that we were not going to do something dreadful to them, and they were only glad to be allowed to get away. Then we formed line; a

salute of twenty-one guns was fired. Three cheers were given for Her Majesty, the bands played 'God Save the Queen,' and we marched back to camp in quick time. • • •

In the afternoon we celebrated the day with games similar to those we had at Alumbagh. There were the wonderful feats of Sikh horsemanship, the riding a full gallop past a lemon hanging from a string, and slicing off bits of it: the native adjutant of Hodson's Horse performed this feat four or five times running, with great dexterity. Then a peg was stuck in the ground, and at this, too, the Sikhs rode at full speed, piercing it continually with their spears. I would rather, in such circumstances, have been a wooden peg than a wounded man!

After these exploits of the Sikhs, an elephant race began, each animal having his driver sitting on his neck. It was curious to watch the huge beasts being marshalled in line preparatory to starting. Off they set, gradually changing their slow stately walk into a shambling trot, which must have shaken any but native riders into jelly! At this pace two or three only arrived at the winning-post, the rest could not be persuaded to abandon their ordinary step.

This was a very different proceeding to that which, about this time, we saw represented in a copy of an

Illustrated paper from England, which, depicting an elephant-race in Burmah, portrayed the unwieldy animals, to our great amusement, with jockeys seated astride on their *backs*, clearing ditches, and taking hurdles in splendid style ! We wondered whether the good people at home could put faith in such marvels.

In the evening the village of Nawabgunge was illuminated, and we had fireworks in front of the lines. It is needless to describe these ; the natives are famous for them, and though we had previously had notice from the Bhetai people that they intended to pay us a visit and see the illuminations too, they did not make their appearance.

There was a curious mixture of autumn and spring in the appearance of the country at this time. The fields were delightfully green with young wheat, peas, spinach, and other crops ; then, again, the roads were thronged by carts, bearing large bags of cotton to the principal towns and villages, where it is put down in heaps, round which the countrywomen stand chattering and bargaining for what they require for their spinning in the household during the next year. Outside the houses, too, women might be seen throwing the corn into the air, in order to allow the chaff to be blown away.

It will give some idea of the clearness of the

atmosphere at this season, to mention our surprise at drill one morning, just as the full blue of the sky was fading to a lighter hue, and the 'golden face of the moon was changing to silver before the pale red streaks, the heralds of the sun in the East, when some one exclaimed, pointing to the horizon in the north-east, 'Look at the horizon!' 'Mountains?' we answered: 'Oh no, those must be clouds!' But mountains those beautiful outlines proved to be — the peaks of the snowy range of the Himalayas, more than 120 miles distant! And regularly for some weeks later, for three minutes just before sunrise, could we see this refreshing sight to eyes weary with the interminable plain ever before us.

It is sometimes a very foolish plan to follow out the old saw of 'early to bed,' as well as 'early to rise;' for it is far from pleasant, just as one is sinking into one's first slumber, to be awakened by 'Please, sir, are you awake? the regiment has fallen in on parade!' But this little accident occurred to me on the night of November 7th, and, although I jumped up, ordered my pony, and hastened on parade, the regiment had started already! Orders had come out after I had gone to rest, and thus I had missed them. 'The night was very dark, and the roads very dusty. I was told the regiment had

gone 'on in front,' so I ran to the cavalry lines, but found no 90th. 'They were in rear,' I was informed, and were going on quite in another direction. The cavalry and guns had been ordered to keep to the high road, while the infantry were to take a short cut across the fields, over broken ground, and to rejoin them farther on. I had a good chase over the rough, uneven land, up and down, until I caught up the regiment, and then found we were to march eleven miles in the direction of Fyzabad, and halt on the side of the road. There we were to wait for, and cut off, a body of the enemy, who were expected to bolt across and join the Begum on the other side of the Gogra. Our force consisted of the 90th, the 'Bays,' the Sikh Cavalry, and eight guns. On arrival we lay down on the ground till daylight. Again was our trouble useless. The niggers had received information of our position, and never came near us; so, on the following day, tired and half choked with dust, we returned to camp.

It was some satisfaction to know that, although the leaders of the rebels had done their best to keep the terms of the Queen's proclamation unknown to their followers, it was already producing a good effect among the people.

The sepoys and budmashes began to think it better



to lay down their arms and return to the cultivation of their own fields quietly, than to go about longer houseless, continually overtaken by hunger, and often having to fight battles in which there could be no hope of their coming off conquerors.. So those large masses of armed men, like a winter's snow before a genial sun, began to melt away, leaving behind only the few whose misdeeds and awful cruelties to our countrymen forbade them all hope of pardon in this world. Most of the large forts we thought to scale, and guns we expected to have to take at the point of the bayonet, were being quietly given up to us.

Perhaps the most formidable, as he was the most worthy of our enemies at this time, was Bene Madho, a landholder, who held a fort at Shunkerpore. He had set up his standard for the Boy-King of Oude, and gave us a great deal of trouble, appearing when he was least expected, and escaping when we felt certain of his capture. We regretted that he did not come in under the terms of the proclamation, as he had been an honourable foe, at least as far as an Asiatic can be one; for, from the beginning, he had never owned that allegiance was due to us, nor had he been guilty of atrocities to Europeans. He could, therefore, have made good terms with us; but no, he upheld his cause to the last, and some time after Oude was

comparatively tranquillised, died fighting against some of our troops on the borders of Nepaul. From this time, till we joined Lord Clyde on his coming up with his army, we were continually going on expeditions to cut off Bene Madho. He hovered about the centre of Oude, showing himself like an ignis fatuus to the different divisions of our troops in the country. At last, after having nearly driven all our commanders mad, the "Chief" himself not excepted, this leader disappeared across the Gogra, having previously managed to send his women and treasure over the river.

On November 17th, I was sent with the company on escort duty, to take charge of a string of wagons, extending along the road for two or three miles, to Derriabad. We passed through country quite new to us, extremely fertile and beautiful, but differing very little from the rest of Oude, very justly called the 'Garden of India.' Our first halt, after a pleasant march of twelve miles, was at Sategunge, a place lying between Lucknow and Fyzabad. On the road we made the acquaintance of a medical officer, who was travelling in our direction. He was a thorough 'old Indian,' having been twenty-five years in the country, during which time he had only revisited England once, remaining eighteen months

only away. Though often close to the Himalayas, he had never once visited them, having had impressed upon him a perfect horror of the gambling and dissipation which went on in former times at the sanatory stations on the hills, among the visitors to them. He told us amusing stories of the natives, and of the state of the country before the mutiny, and, when we spoke about improving the condition of the natives, said—'How can you improve their condition, when each man can live magnificently on two rupees a month, and clothe himself at the cost of four rupees per annum, while his highest enjoyment is to spend half the day in preparing and eating his meals, and the other half in sleeping and performing his ablutions?'

Certainly, this objection appears puzzling to answer; for it is difficult to improve the man who has so few 'wants,' mental and physical, and is so easily pleased. In a land where nature gives, with so little trouble to man, not only enough for his support, but so much for the enjoyment of life, there are, indeed, few natural incentives to the energy and enterprise of mankind. Thanks to our more rugged clime, we, in the north, have had to struggle hard even for bare existence, and happily to our many 'wants' we owe much of our rapid progress towards civilisation and

power. A short time later, our 'old Indian' found me writing in my tent. 'Ah!' said he, 'it's very easy to see that *you* have just come into this country.'

'Why so?' asked I.

'Because I see you writing home "letters."'

'Is that so strange?'

'Yes; you'll soon come to do as I did. When first I came out, I wrote home regularly once a fortnight, then I came to sending letters once a month, then this became too much trouble, and I dropped writing to once in six months, and so on, until I thought I was a good correspondent if I wrote once every two years!'

Early the next morning (the 18th) we rose to continue our journey: it was about half-past three, and we were dressing, when some one calls out, 'there's the colonel.' We thought the colonel and our regiment were comfortably lodged at Nawabgunge, twelve miles off. It *was* the colonel, however, who, with Salusbury, his brigade-major, had come on in advance of part of the brigade, which was not far behind. He told us that Bene Madho, whom the Commander-in-chief had thought to surround with five columns, had given him the slip, and had bolted with his treasure, family, and a large number of sepoys. The Kupperthala contingent had come

down from their station on the Durriabad Road, and had encamped near as the previous evening. The brigadier, therefore, wished to concert measures with their leader for cutting off a large force of the enemy which was expected to cross the road close by, in their attempt to join the Begum, who still held her court to the north of us, and had a large army.

At half-past four, our convoy started for Durriabad, sixteen miles distant; but we had hardly gone on for an hour, when M'Grigor, our captain, received a note from the Commissioner, to warn him that the road was not safe, and that he had better halt until he received further orders. To be detained by the side of a road, hampered by two miles of wagons, under a broiling sun, having no means of shelter, expecting every moment some of the few thousand sepoys to come down upon us (as a herd of buffaloes pursued by the devastating fire of the burning prairie comes down on the solitary traveller), is not one of the most pleasing episodes on a journey. After a couple of hours of suspense, the Kupperthalas, led by their Rajah, overtook us. They were on the track of a body of the enemy, which they heard was ahead. We took advantage of their company, and went on with them until, about eleven o'clock, the contingent halted in a grove of mango

trees, opposite a ghât, where Bene Madho was expected to cross the river. Our brigade had remained at Sâtegeunge to guard the approaches to a ghat near that place.

While our men rested and were preparing their dinner, we availed ourselves of the time to pay the Rajah of Kupperthala a visit. He was one of the few native landowners, who, when our cause seemed hopeless at Delhi, had declared for us, and, besides the moral weight he threw into the scale, had given us substantial aid with the corps raised by him from his lands in the Punjaub. These men formed a contingent of two regiments, with four guns. They were young and very active, and, like the majority of the Punjaubees in our service, were dressed in suits of puce-coloured cotton, wearing, by way of distinction, turbans of the same colour mixed with folds of pink. After the taking of Delhi, the Government employed the Rajah in Oude, and at the close of the war gave him a large tract of land in that country. To assist and advise him, Captain Chamier, who had been Sir James Outram's A.D.C., was appointed as Assistant Commissioner to him: he had also one officer commanding some irregular horse, and two or three other Europeans with him.

On our requesting to be introduced to His High-

ness, we were at first told that he was asleep, but he soon sent word that he should be glad to see our party. After receiving, therefore, a little hint from Captain Chamier to 'beware of the 'Rajah's liquor,' we were ushered into his presence.. In a grove of trees, in the midst of his attendants, we found him standing under a canopy, dressed in robes of snowy whiteness. Both his brother and himself wore bracelets and gold earrings, while the feet of this great man, stockingless, were in a pair of slippers covered with gold lace. The Rajah was a plain man, short and stout; but his brother and himself wore the long fine moustaches and beards of which their countrymen are so proud. He shook hands with us, and begged us, in very good English, to sit down on the sofas on each side of him. He not only spoke, but read our language with ease, and we found he took in many of our English newspapers, and could even enjoy 'Punch.' We talked about Bene Madho, the sport to be had in the country, the kind of game to be found, &c., and, indeed, he seemed to be well informed on most subjects.

For our amusement his jester brought a guitar, and sang some songs which we did not understand, but which seemed highly amusing to those who did, and which created vociferous applause. After this

entertainment, the Rajah turned to us and said, 'Will you try some of my liquor?' On being answered in the affirmative, small glasses full of a light-coloured liquid were handed to each guest. • What was it? Something so strong and perfumed, it seemed like a mixture of spirits of wine with a dash of *toilet scent*. But as we had been informed that this strong-minded Rajah nightly 'got glorious' on a mixture of *champagne and gin*, we were not astonished at what he presented to • us. Let us hope that his reported marriage, some time later, to an English woman, may have improved his taste, if it did not cure him of his partiality for strong waters. Betel-nut was handed round before we took our leave of his gold-slippered Highness, which we did with mutual compliments when the time came for us to continue our journey to Durriabad.



## CHAPTER XIX.

## ON THE GOGRA.

WE were detained some days at Durriabad, the road not being yet thought safe for the return of our small force, as we were to take back with us two nine-pounders. Possessing many remains of magnificent edifices, mosques, and dwelling-houses, to show the wealth of its former inhabitants, Durriabad, like all the principal villages in Oude, is enclosed by a wall, and is entered by gates at each end of it. Its chief street was very wide, and as usual might be seen there the motley throng of men and women selling baskets of vegetables, earthen jars, articles of ornament—such as anklets, nose-rings, &c., ranged on the ground. A magnificent tank, built of brick, gave another sign of the former glory of the place; but, although Time had not leant with such a heavy hand upon it as upon the fine buildings in the neighbourhood, it was beginning to fall

into decay ; bricks had been knocked out from their places, and the steps which led to it were broken and uneven. Numbers of men and women still flocked to the friendly reservoir, but they seemed to care little for preserving that which places within their reach—when pool after pool, and stream and wells have been dried up by the burning sun—an almost inexhaustible supply of one of their greatest earthly requirements.

At this time a letter from the Bhetai Jungle to Bene Madho was intercepted, in which the latter was told that the enemy were going to attack the Punjaubees, and create a diversion, allowing Bene Madho meanwhile to slip through.

Hitherto the niggers had had the country on the left side of the Gogra all to themselves. They could not have been well pleased therefore when General Grant crossed the river at Fyzabad on the 23rd, to be joined higher up the stream by the Commander-in-chief. On the 24th a good deal of firing was heard in the direction of Sategunge. This proved to be Chamier with his Kupperthalas, coming upon 3,000 of the enemy on their way to the river, and killing a few of them. With this party was the Zenana of Bene Madho. Some elephants were seen being urged forward out of the mêlée, upon each of

which, besides the mahout, were carried two women and a man with a drawn sword. A native who was taken prisoner affirmed, that should the elephants have been stopped, 'the guard had' orders to kill the women at once, that they might not fall into our hands.

It was most unfortunate that the Brigadier was obliged to return to Nawabgunge so soon, news having been received that in his absence the army in the Jungle was about to fall on our standing camp. Of course, hardly had he quitted Sategunge, when Bene Madho, whose 'intelligence department' was perfect, and kept him ever up to the movements of our commanders, crossed safely over to the river with the majority of those who had been infesting Central Oude. In fact, hardly a night passed without, in spite of all our vigilance, bodies of men, favoured by the darkness of the night, contriving to baffle the pursuers and to join the army in the Terae.

On the 26th our company started from Durriabad to return to Nawabgunge. After going about eight miles, we found that since we had passed that way, the enemy had dug deep ditches across the road, in order to prevent any interference with their flight by our artillery. Again we halted at Sategunge for the night, and whilst there, under a neighbouring

tope, we observed a large mound of earth had been recently thrown up. Thinking it likely that it might conceal either a gun or something else that the niggers would wish to hide, we had it dug open. All it revealed was a quantity of cinders—the remains of human bones—probably of those who had been killed in the late encounter near the spot.

Another pleasant ride through this luxuriant country. Gold and green was the livery which Nature had taken to wearing at this season. A few roses only were to be seen here and there, to relieve the brightness of the yellow chrysanthemum and other flowers of the same hue, just coming into bloom. The one prevailing colour reminded me of spring and autumn in the Crimea, where the former is all golden and the latter all purple, with the thickly-growing crocus. Hardly had the snow vanished when the crocus would raise its head above the ground to cast a yellow glow upon spots which, from their dry rocky nature, had before seemed barren and unsightly. Then when summer had given place to autumn, and lilacs and roses were becoming scarce, the same friendly crocus would clothe the rocks and fields, in a last effort to brighten the world before hard dull winter should set in.

On December 5th at last, our time of wearisome

inaction at the camp, occasionally varied by a wild-  
goose chase after flying sepoy, was brought to a  
close by the arrival at Nawabgunge of the Com-  
mander-in-chief with eight regiments. Intimidated  
by his approach with so large a force, the enemy  
abandoned the large tract of jungle near us, leaving  
four hundred men only in the fort of Bhetai.

Various were the reports which now arose as to  
what our regiment was to do : one said that we were  
to start in the evening and to accompany Lord  
Clyde ; another, that we were to be sent into Luck-  
now ; and a third, that we were to stay and take  
Bhetai in the morning. However, late in the evening  
an order came to prepare for marching on the  
morrow, and we were in high spirits at finding that  
we were to go with the Chief. Accordingly a fine  
brisk morning found us on the move, without indeed  
any positive knowledge of our ultimate destination,  
and marching over ground quite new to us.

We now came upon country which had been in  
the hands of the enemy from the first, and, having  
belonged to some of the most influential natives,  
had escaped the devastation of which we had seen  
so much elsewhere. The character of the land, too,  
was different : instead of mango trees, we were  
among the graceful tamarind and palm—the latter

with its tall, straight, bare stem and leafy crown adding a stately variety here and there to the extended shade of the other trees.

As we approached the river, we passed through a village at which Bene Madho had stopped the previous day, and where he had offered up thanks for his safe escape from our hands. At this place was a celebrated shrine, which we found had been newly whitewashed in commemoration of the event. We left it untouched, and pursued our way to Byram Ghât, near the banks of the Gogra, a river about forty miles north of Lucknow, which finally joins its waters to those of the Ganges below Benares.

We had marched about twenty-six miles (by some mistake having gone about four miles out of our way), and were more than usually tired and hungry when we stopped for the night. The fact was, that we had started in the morning before we had had time to get breakfast, and had ordered our food to be packed up ready to be eaten when we should come to our first resting-place. Our first halt was about five miles on the road, and this seemed a good opportunity for refreshing the 'inner man.' To our dismay, the doolies which carried the eatables had not come up, so on we were forced to go, getting more and more hungry, and halted again after marching

another six miles. Still no dooly to be seen. At last evening came on, and we reached our camping-ground without any happier prospects of food. We sat up in hungry expectation round a fire till ten o'clock, but nothing came, and at last we were obliged to go breakfastless, dinnerless, and supperless to rest. One lucky incident, indeed, relieved the utter wretchedness of the evening. I had left a knot of my brother officers round the fire in order to make an unsuccessful search for my servant. When I rejoined the group I was asked whether I would have a 'drop of port wine?' 'Too good an offer to be refused,' said I, drinking off what seemed the most delicious nectar to me. The draught finished, the others began with 'Many thanks to *you*, H——, for giving us something to keep the cold out.' 'To me?' The truth came out. My saees, going about in search of me, had passed with a bottle slung on his shoulders. He was stopped, and the contents of the bottle at once annexed, a good share being left to its rightful owner, 'myself. I had been quite ignorant of my good fortune, the saees having probably carried about the said port wine for some time, as he had received it from my beater, who fancied I might occasionally like a 'pull' on the march. There was no chance, the following morning, of our

quarrelling with our bread and butter when it reached us at last.

We had halted on the left of Lord Clyde's force, about one mile from the river, which was in front of us, and after resting a clear day, the Commander-in-chief left suddenly on the 8th, taking with him all but a brigade, composed of the 23rd, 90th, a regiment of Ghoorikas, and the Lahore Light Horse, all under Colonel Purnell. Lord Clyde had set off towards Fyzabad, and was to make very long but rapid marches, going fifty miles in two days, to cross the river, and come back up the other side, opposite to us. The heavy guns were left with us, and our chief duty was to protect the construction of a bridge of boats for their passage across the river. The Gogra is a very fine and rapid stream, about a mile in breadth, and the banks on each side low and sandy—white sand, glittering with mica. On the opposite shore to us was a village occupied by a number of sepoy, some of whom walked up and down watching our movements, while occasionally we could see, with a glass, a matchlock levelled, a puff of smoke, and then the report heard a few seconds later, the bullets falling harmless in the water, not half way across. Thanks to science applied to the manufacture of a weapon, W—— of ours was more success-



ful ; for on taking good aim with his rifle we could see the native 'bob,' to escape the bullet, which raised a puff of sand as it fell close to him.

We now began to build our bridge. Our great obstacle lay in the difficulty of procuring boats for that purpose, the enemy, who had crossed the river the day before our arrival, having succeeded in sinking forty-five of their largest boats. A little way down the stream, in tantalising security, lay five of them moored. Just at this time a native chief came in to make submission to us, being profuse in his protestation of service and devotion. He was abruptly cut short by the officer whom he addressed. 'Look at those five boats,' said the latter: 'you let me have them before to-morrow morning, or never come near us again : ' the boats, by dawn of day, were ours.

Until the bridge was completed, the only means of crossing the water was by lashing two canoes, made of trunks of trees hollowed out (many of which we found on the bank), and upon which were fastened planks. On each raft so formed we could send over about thirty soldiers ; and thus we intended to have passed over and attacked the village which lay before us. The enemy, however, probably receiving intelligence of Lord Clyde's advance, thought discretion the better part of valour,

and, as usual, bolted. So the 23rd were sent over to occupy the place.\*

On the afternoon of the same day (the 11th) ten elephants were also sent across.\* I rode down to the river-side, and came in time for the wonderful sight. The current of the Gogra is so rapid that no animal, except an elephant, can stem its tide; and until one has oneself witnessed the performance, it is difficult to imagine such a huge unwieldy brute swimming. But there they were ready, each animal with a mahout on his back. The largest elephant led the way, and, making one step, cautiously entered the water, throwing down from the bank, with one foot, enough earth to cover a human being. Then, followed by his fellows, he walked through the shallow water, swinging his trunk about, and now and then trumpeting out a shrill note. As the procession moved on, the noise it made walking through the water might have been compared to that of some mountain torrent rushing on, over, and between the fragments of rock lying in its bed. Presently the leader comes to the deeper part of the stream, his legs are no longer visible; his driver knows well what will happen next, and prepares for it. He stands upon the top of the animal's neck, and takes fast hold of a rope tied round it. He has hardly done this, when splash goes the

elephant, down, out of sight, leaving the upper part of the man only above water. Then up he comes, only to sink again, and so on, bobbing up and down until the elephant strikes out. Then all is right, and the mahout sits on his neck, and is carried slowly over to the other side, the rapid current taking both elephant and man some way down the stream. The elephant is certainly a noble brute, and, on intimate acquaintance with him, one arrives at a firm belief in the excellence of his reasoning powers, and his capacity of thoroughly enjoying a joke. One has only to see his little eyes twinkle, and his ears flapping knowingly, to guess that some merry conceit must be passing through his brain.

It is true that some of his jokes may become disagreeably practical: for instance, should he be in the water and observe you passing by, looking particularly neat and clean, he may chance then just to cool your conceit by giving you an unwelcome shower-bath with his trunk. One of his little amusements, too, is not without danger; for when he is in deep water, he may take a fancy to *walk* along the bottom of the stream instead of floating, merely keeping the end of his trunk above water, to enable him to breathe, and leaving his unfortunate driver perhaps to get drowned. An instance of this

occurred in India just before our arrival, when two sportsmen were unhappily drowned in their howda while recrossing a river after a day's sport. But the elephant is proverbially good-natured and good-humoured, and can do almost anything. I have seen him, when oxen were tugging away at a heavy gun on its carriage, which may have stuck fast in some ruts in the road, quietly look at it, and then, by winding his trunk round part of it, lift it up, and afterwards pushing it with the front of his head put it all right, and send it along the road as if it were a child's plaything. We often made use of his wonderful strength, as one would have used an ancient battering ram—for a push from his forehead was sufficient to lay walls to the ground—in demolishing a village.

The river Gogra abounds in alligators, some of them being of a very large kind, of which many had been seen by our party. I myself was unable to get a good view of one, until one day when some of us went out to shoot wild boars, of which there were many in the neighbourhood.

We took about twenty natives with us to beat the bushes and rouse the game, and set off across the fields in order to reach the river, in which the islands, covered with brushwood, were favourite spots for wild pigs. Passing through fields of castor-

oil plants (cultivated here freely, in order to provide lamp-oil for the natives) and hedges of elephant grass, with its strong stalks and grass 'plumes' standing about twelve feet from the ground, we reached the water. It was, in some parts, tolerably deep; and what with the difficulty of getting my pony through, and the mishap of a friend, whose horse, stopping suddenly, jerked him into the stream and gave him a regular ducking, we had some amusement in crossing. However, though beautiful butterflies flitted across our path, though rare birds and gay flowers met our view, no pigs would show themselves. On looking round, when we were at the water's edge, we had noticed near a sand-bank some things which looked like a number of large boats, lying bottom upwards. 'Alligators,' said one. 'We will see,' said another, and pointed his rifle. 'Bang!' and immediately some of the seeming boats vanished. Being unsuccessful in our land-sport, we determined to try alligator-shooting. The alligators soon came back and lay sunning themselves on the sand. We walked till we got just opposite to them, about two hundred yards off. It was necessary to move along with the greatest caution, neither to be seen nor heard; for these reptiles see and hear very quickly, and are great cowards. I shall not soon

forget what met my gaze when, the leader of our party having beckoned me on quietly, after crawling a few yards I raised my head and looked out between some bushes. I saw, lying on a sand-bank, a magnificent alligator. He was about twenty-four feet long; his back was of a dark brown colour, shading off into green towards the belly, where it was white. His jaws were long and narrow, with their tips curving slightly upwards, and his eyes were extremely prominent. His back, along the tail part, showed a row of spines, sticking upwards. P—— shot at it, and the bullet, on striking, made a noise as if going against an iron plate. It used to be said that the alligator, with its 'coat of mail,' was bullet-proof, save in one or two spots. And so it is to the *round* bullet; but the new conical bullet now used penetrated it, and all my previous notions about the unwieldiness of these reptiles were dispelled, as I saw the creature twist round his head suddenly and try to snap viciously at the offending missile. Had it been an arrow instead of a bullet, he would have bitten it off. Then raising his tail, and lashing about him in a most wonderful way, he reached the water's edge, slipped in, and whipped the water up into foam until he disappeared below.

When the alligator swims, only a few inches of

his snout, his eyes, and a bit of the tail, are visible ; the rest of his body remains under water ; and, until one has watched carefully, one can hardly tell that one of the monsters is beneath. Make but the slightest noise, and everything disappears. We afterwards succeeded in shooting and landing a young alligator, about six feet long, and I had leisure to examine it closely. From what I have seen of these reptiles, varying in size, I find that one can measure an alligator tolerably accurately by observing the length of its jaws. From the tip of the snout to the hind legs is generally a little less than half the entire length : this half may be divided into thirds, i.e. from the snout to the eye, from the eye to the fore-leg, and from fore-leg to hind-leg, making the length of the jaws one-sixth of the whole. At the end of the upper jaw is the nose, through which the animal breathes ; the air-passage is carried along the jaw to the head. On opening the jaws, one notices the extremely long sharp teeth, which dove-tail with each other with great regularity ; nor can one help admiring the beautiful contrivance by which, when the animal is under water, on opening his jaws to seize his prey, the water is kept out by means of a close-fitting fold of skin, forming a valve to protect the throat. The long thin-jawed alligators live prin-

cipally on fish, and are not dangerous ; it is only those with broad short noses which need to be guarded against, and they are called Muggers, or ' Man-eaters,' by the natives.

We had now been ten days on the Gogra, and, by dint of sending up and down the stream, we collected a number of boats, so that the bridge progressed satisfactorily. Intelligence came in that the Chief was marching on Baraitch, and that General Grant was advancing towards Toolsipore. At the same time we received orders to march in a north-west direction from our present encampment, in order to clear the country of any bands of sepoys lurking about, and to protect our people who were pulling down the various forts.

When the numerous forts in Oude shall be levelled to the ground, and the jungles cut down, it may then be said that we have drawn the teeth of our adversaries—but not till then.



## CHAPTER XX.

## JEHANGERABAD.

IT had been generally remarked, almost throughout the campaign, how fortunate we had been on the day of our marches in having dry fine weather for starting. Certainly, the sun once risen, there had been complaints of the heat, the dust, and of the 'bore' of moving about in hot weather; but as few people 'know when they are well off,' now that our labours were drawing to a close, we were to learn how much more one may suffer from marching in a damp rainy season than even under the sun in India.

Leaving Byram Ghât on December 18th, during the next nine days, until we reached Jehangerabad, not a single event of any interest occurred.\* This time our route lay through finely-cultivated lands, amidst topes of palm trees, and through bamboo brakes; but it was much like what we had had before our eyes for so many months, and offered little upon

which to vary a description of the rest of Oude. Passing one day through a well-kept thriving village, we were astonished at the excessive obsequiousness of its inhabitants, who came out to meet us. As usual, they presented fruit and other things in order to propitiate our favour, and were profuse in their expressions of friendship and service. Their unusual deference was soon explained. Their village had long been the head-quarters of the rebel army, from which many of their expeditions had been organised. Our faith in their lip-service was not unbounded, and probably it was a relief to them when the last of us turned his back upon them.

Numbers of the sepoy now came in to offer submission; but as the Commissioner was not yet with us, we could do nothing. On the 21st, however, two of our native horsemen came upon forty of the mutineers, who at once delivered themselves up to them. They belonged to the 11th Irregular Cavalry. After being deprived of their horses and arms, they received certificates and were discharged. They seemed delighted at being let off so easily: some of them would return and tell their comrades, for, they said, their chiefs on the other side of the river (they had themselves just crossed over the Gogra) kept those under them in ignorance of the Queen's

proclamation, and, were its terms generally known, almost every rebel would give in. The forty who now surrendered seemed half-starved, miserable creatures.

It was Christmas-day, when, after a last march of about thirteen miles, we reached Jehangerabad, situated on the banks of a small stream, running into the Chowka Nuddee. The day was celebrated in the only way in our power, by dining all together off the time-honoured roast beef and plum pudding.

We pitched our tents on an open plain close to the river, having the village in our rear. We were in a district where almost all the villages were defended and adorned by bamboo hedges. Springing up very rapidly, and thickly clothed with graceful branches of feathery light green leaves, the bamboo forms an admirable protection, and the houses lie quite hidden behind its shelter. Except at certain entrances, generally well-guarded, it is impossible, on account of the large spines on the plant, to pierce through these hedges; they present so hard and compact a mass that even artillery could make no effect upon them.

The villagers seemed much disaffected towards us, and showed their enmity in various ways. One man, wishing to dispose of his fish in the camp, was laid hold of by the natives, deprived of the fish, and

beaten for daring to sell to us. The people here hitherto had had it all their own way, unchecked by the presence of Europeans, ever since the first rising in Oude. Probably they had only been transformed into peaceful ryots just before our arrival among them. They had secreted their arms in out-of-the-way places, until a favourable opportunity for using them again should occur. Cannon were found built into walls, and were fished up from wells; and one day, information being received that there was a quantity of arms concealed in a neighbouring village, we sent our Sikh police to seize it. They were met by the head-man of the village, who swore by the river Ganges, his most sacred oath, that there were no arms near. The Sikh Soubadar went on, and came upon some newly-made fireplaces outside one of the houses. 'Here they are,' said he, turning up the earth, and a hundred and fifty stand of arms complete were discovered buried beneath. Of course the head-man was taken prisoner and brought in.

With the exception of such incidents as these, one day passed off very much like another during our stay at Jehangera<sup>h</sup>abad. Much of our time was spent in pleasant excursions, either into the jungle, looking for nil ghys or peacocks, or along the banks of the

river to shoot alligators or water-fowl, every species of which seemed to abound there.

There were few of us who did not enjoy these weeks of comparative rest. The climate was delightful—so cool and fresh that one might remain out the whole day with impunity: we were in a lovely country, and there was plenty of good sport to be had.

A party of us would start on an expedition into an extensive jungle about eight miles distance from the camp. Mounting one's elephant by means of a little wooden ladder, and feeling as he rose, and until he was safe on his legs, very much like a person sitting on a shaky roof of a house, we set out. About a hundred natives would accompany us, armed with sticks, singing and shouting at the tops of their voices, and thus passing through village, field, and grove, we reach the place of rendezvous. We here dismount. Before us lies a broad belt of underwood, of stunted trees and brambles: this is the jungle, and one must force one's way through it, at the risk of being scratched and torn. The beaters are ranged to form a line across the jungle along which the sportsmen disperse themselves, so as to give room to each other, and the work commences. The party of natives advances, and all shout and yell and beat the bushes.

Let us run on outside the jungle, so as to be about a quarter of a mile in front, and then enter the thicket again; here we take a nearly obliterated path, and find ourselves in a small open space: we will now wait for the game to be driven this way. Nearer and nearer the cries of the beaters are heard, the leaves rustle, and we are on the 'qui vive'—more rustling, something seems to be forcing its way through the bushes. 'Look out!'—we are as quiet as mice. Suddenly two animals, resembling shaggy yellow dogs, spring out, pass us, and bolt into the copse again. They are only jackals, not worth a shot! Presently there is a crashing of branches, as if something heavy was forcing a passage. 'Ha, there they are!' Two fine animals about the size of large deer, with arched necks and of a bluish gray colour, bound out and run along the plain. They are 'nil ghys,' or 'blue cows,' noble-looking animals. Had they antlers, one fancies, instead of short black horns, they would even be more handsome. Two rifles are fired at them, but they deign not to take notice, and pass on. The beaters approach quite close, and a gun is heard occasionally: surely something more will be aroused? Yes!—there is another rustling, a fluttering of wings, and a large brown bird rises and flies towards us: 'bang' goes the gun; for one

moment the bird flutters in the air, and then falls head downwards: it is a peahen. Another whirring of wings, again goes the gun, another bird is down; it is a black partridge this time; in my opinion, one of the most beautiful of birds. It does not differ from the common gray partridge in wings, back, and tail, but its beauty consists in having the breast black, and plentifully sprinkled with small 'pheasant-eye' feathers.

The beaters having at last come up, we run forward and try another place; there we find a hare and more peahens. The peacock, too, springs up from bushes close by; its neck outstretched, and its long tail streaming behind it with a sort of graceful wavy motion as it rises to fly towards another retreat. But there is none for him; 'bang' — a miss! — another 'bang,' and he falls to the ground. The rest of the party now join us, and we compare notes. Some have got on very well; others 'would have done better, if —' &c.; but all are agreed that the sun is hot, and that a few minutes' rest in the shade will be pleasant. Soon we are again on our legs; 'the best bit of cover' has to be shot through. The line of beaters is re-formed, and guns put into requisition. And what work there is now! the jungle becomes thicker than ever. Instead of going outside of it

we try the inside. A path decoys us in one direction, and we discover it leads to—nothing; the brambles and grass have overgrown it and are impenetrable. Still we must push on: here breaking open a passage—there scrambling over a fresh obstacle—and then a little farther on, having to crawl along on one's hands and knees in order to reach open ground! But all this trouble is repaid by the large 'bags' made. A good many peafowl are found; more partridges, both gray and black, and more hares are potted. We have walked a good way, are a little tired, and *very* hungry; so we sit under the shade of a friendly tree, and with right good-will discuss the good cheer carried on for us—the pic is pronounced to be excellent, and the bitter beer tastes better than usual! Then the cigar is smoked, the beaters are sent back to camp, we mount our elephants, and wend our way leisurely homewards. Such was a day's sport in the jungle. An excursion to the river Chowka, about seven miles from the camp, filled up another day. On reaching the water, we took a boat, and floated eight miles down the stream; then landing, we mounted our elephants, and so back to our tents. Besides seeing a number of alligators, this was a favourable opportunity for remarking the variety of birds in this part of the country. Our boat was so



piled up with bundles of straw, in the midst of which we were nearly hidden, that we floated on unobserved by the timid specimens of the feathered tribe. There were, beside snipe, snippets, cranes, curlews, and wild ducks, black curlews, red and green shanks, 'Brahminee ducks,' and plovers of every description, from those with the sombre-cut brown coat and buff waistcoat, reminding one of members of the 'Society of Friends,' to that with neat black beak and wings, stilted long legs and bright yellow breast, the 'Beau Brummel' among his fellows. 'The plover is a noisy chatterer, easily disturbed — a gossip, who goes about telling all the other birds you are near. His querulous accent seems to ask, 'Did you do it, did you do it, did-did you do it?' Different, again, is the 'syrus,' a magnificent-looking bird, standing four feet from the ground, with delicate dove-coloured plumage tipped with black, arched neck, red head, and long beak. He stands near the river's bank, and may be heard a long way off, calling to his mate in a long deep-drawn note. Nor should the 'scissors-bill' be omitted—so named from the resemblance its curious red bill, four inches long, bears, when opening and closing, to the blades of a pair of scissors. Its upper bill is shorter than the lower, and when both are closed they fit so firmly together as to enable the bird

to strike a fish in the water, as with a harpoon. With plumage of mixed black and white, and not larger than a pigeon, see him poised above the water, looking intently into it, with his bill pointing downwards; slowly he flies along—going patiently backwards and forwards. Look! at last he sees something—swift as an arrow he dives into the water, a splash is heard, and he ascends again with a fish on his bill.

What a delightful region was that around Jehangera-  
bad for the sportsman and the naturalist! Never will any who, like ourselves, has been stationed there, forget it. Among our number were some excellent shots, and there were two or three who studied natural history with enthusiasm. Irby was the ornithologist par excellence. He combined a thoroughly scientific knowledge of birds with an unerring aim and unflagging zeal in his favourite pursuit. As in the Crimea he made nothing of wading through freezing water in rude winter, or lying in wait in the snow for birds, so he was not deterred by the hottest sun, or the most intricate jungle. Whenever a strange bird was found it was brought to him. He having one day broken the wing of a 'blue' hawk, while out shooting, gave the wounded bird to me. It measured about two feet from tip to tip, its

plumage was dove-coloured, and its eyes bright yellow. Binding his wings together, and keeping them in their places by splints of cardboard, I kept him in the dark, with a string attached to his leg. He would eat nothing but what he killed for himself, so I had to contract with a native to supply me with a number of quails, quantities of which could be netted at this time. Nor would my hawk allow anyone to watch him feeding; so, taking a quail, and tying the poor fluttering victim near my patient, I left them alone. Returning an hour or so later, and looking in again, I would find the hawk glaring at me, and not a fragment of a bone or feather of the quail left — only, perhaps, a small pellet or two of its feathers, which had been disgorged, to be seen on the ground. After ten days, I found that the injured wing no longer drooped, and my captive dashed to the end of his tether whenever I approached. He was an old bird, and impossible to tame. Whenever I attempted to seize him, he would bite at and lacerate my fingers with his sharp claws, holding on so tightly that it was with difficulty I could get loose without hurting him. Tired of this game, after the bird had recovered from its wound, I gave it away to a brother officer. Two or three days having elapsed, he came to me.

‘What do you think has become of the hawk?’ he asked.

‘I am sure I don’t know.’

‘Why, he bit himself loose from the string, fluttered to the entrance of the tent, looked up and rose on his wings, soared up in circles for some height above the camp, and at last darted off.’

So much for good bone-setting.

Enough of the four-footed animals and their feathered companions of the woods and jungles. As for the native people, they were now all occupied in marrying and giving in marriage; for there are certain months only in the year when the Hindoo religion permits its followers to marry, and this was about the time. Whenever one took an evening walk, and, indeed, all night long, might be seen numerous fires blazing in the villages and in tops of trees. The clouds of smoke rising here and there, the shooting up of flames, carried one back in thought to Staffordshire with its potteries, or Yorkshire and its iron works. But such an illusion would soon be dispelled by the appearance of large bands of dark men and women, dressed in their best, chanting what seemed to us the most melancholy of ditties, while in the silence of the night the tom-tom could be heard ‘discoursing sweet music,’ or at least what

was such to the native. In the towns grand processions, lighted up by innumerable torches, and accompanied by people singing and dancing, met the wayfarer at every turn ; nor was it unusual to expend very large sums of money on these hymeneal rejoicings.

The middle of the month of February was the period in this country for making sugar. The sugar-canes, which when ready are about eight feet high, are cut down and stripped of their leaves ; they are then borne to the sugar-presses in the villages, which are of rude simple construction. I saw one of them, which much resembled a mortar and pestle, only the mortar, instead of being made of stone or brass, was formed from the trunk of a large tree, hollowed out, and firmly fixed in the ground, while the pestle was a heavy piece of wood. A long pole is fastened by cording to the mortar, travelling round it in a groove, and is connected with the pestle by a rope ; so that when the oxen which are yoked to the pole are driven round, the pestle is worked round also, and crushes everything in its way. The juice is thus pressed out of the bits of sugar-cane, which are replaced by a fresh supply when they have yielded their luscious contents. Escaping by means of a hole through the bottom of the mortar, the juice runs

along an underground passage into a large earthenware boiler, under which a fire is kept burning. After the process of boiling has been gone through, the sugar is prepared for use.

One day we paid a visit to a Tesildar in the neighbourhood, a man who had been a tried friend during the war, and at its commencement had saved the lives of some Europeans. Government had given him, by way of recompense, charge of a tract of land around Biswah. He, mounted on his elephant, paid us continual visits, and often pressed us to go and see him. Choosing, therefore, a day which was hot and dusty in camp, and which would be, at all events, more bearable in the country, we set off. We took the precaution of sending on some provisions, knowing to what extent we might expect to be regaled in an Indian dwelling. The Tesildar, whom we found surrounded by a host of armed retainers, received us kindly, and courteously conducted us upstairs into a room, furnished only with mats and cushions on the floor. Sweetmeats and fruits were served to us, and our host then took us to see some beautiful gardens near, where we discussed the good and more substantial cheer we had brought with us. We afterwards went over the chief mosque in the place. In each of its arches,

we found a bee's nest hanging, some two and others three, feet from the ceiling, each swarming with bees. They had been held sacred for ages, and were never interfered with. The goddess of inischief, however, determined that day, at our cost, to disturb their long repose.

'What should you say,' exclaimed one of our party, 'if I threw my stick up at the bees?' and thereupon he flourished his stick round, probably without the least intention of putting his words into action. We had scarcely time to beg him to be quiet, when the cry arose, 'The bees, the bees are on us!' Rushing down the steps of the mosque, and into the street, we stopped to take breath, and thinking we were safe: not so — 'the bees, the bees!' again was the cry. Some of our party got immediately covered by them; others, taking to their heels, ran down the street at full speed, seeking refuge in doorways and under archways, nay, even followed by the pertinacious enemy into the houses themselves. Strangely enough, the author of the whole mischief and myself were the only two who were not stung, and it was not consolatory to one who got stung about the neck and face to assure him that he made the matter worse by frantically dancing round and round, waving his arms about

like a madman!' It was some time, indeed, before the hubbub subsided, when we managed to escape from our hiding-places, mount our elephants, and ride home.

But this was not the last excursion made to the Tesildar. Before we left Jehangerabad, a number of the sergeants applied for leave for the day: they also had been invited to our friend's place. Permission being granted, their ponies were mounted (for almost all of them kept some sort of animal) and rode off, delighted at the prospect of escaping a day of the camp's routine, and enjoying, by anticipation, the good cheer which (of course) awaited them at Biswah. They were warmly welcomed by the Tesildar, asked to dismount and enter the native palace. Sweetmeats and fruit were, in due course, brought in by the attendants. These were partaken of sparingly, everyone reserving himself for the 'dinner,' which would surely be announced before long. A little patient waiting, then one or two glanced uneasily around, while another whispered 'there's a good time coming, boys.' Hour after hour passed — still no appearance of dinner: the sun at last began to sink — the famished visitors could wait no longer—it would be dark before they could reach the camp. So, disappointed and hungry, they rose to take leave,



their host politely thanking them for coming—he was glad to have seen them, &c. &c.—and with this empty consolation they were fain to set off for the camp, determined never again to ‘enjoy native hospitality.’

## CHAPTER XXI.

## SEETAPORE, AND 'GOING HOME.'

ONE morning, about the middle of February, I received an unexpected visit in my tent from the Colonel. He came to make me a tempting offer, and left me in a state of great indecision and perplexity. He asked me if I should like to go on duty to Nynee Tal, in the Himalayas, to take charge of the sick there for the next eight months. This was considered a very good appointment—nearly as good as being on leave. Nynee Tal was a delightful hill station, in a splendid part of the country, and I should have an opportunity of gratifying my great wish to explore the Himalayas. Very tempting, certainly! But there were two things to be considered—the pleasure of seeing a new and interesting country, and the *chance* which, by refusing the Colonel's offer, was still left to me of returning 'home.' It was still uncertain whether any 'leaves' would be

granted ; but if they should be, I had one of the best chances of being able to see old England before the end of the year. Again, were no leaves given, I must remember that I should, by refusing the Colonel's offer, have to spend the whole of the hot season under canvas. But — but, I could not make up my mind to resign the remnant of hope left of obtaining an absence from India — of changing for a short time the weary life of 'knocking about,' of which two years' experience was enough, and of regaining health, not a little shattered by all there had been to try it during the war. So I decided, and the appointment was given to another subaltern, who happening to be in my tent, eagerly accepted it. He had no chance of going home, and being an enthusiastic sportsman he had got 'just what he wanted.' Meanwhile, on the 23rd, orders came that the regiment was to march to Seetapore on the following day ; so at six o'clock in the morning we set off and halted a little beyond Biswah, about eight miles off. The next day saw us again on our way, and we marched nine miles. On strolling about this evening towards a jungle near our camping-ground, we found another instance of the ingenuity displayed by the natives of Oude in forming retreats for themselves, and another proof with what ease they could repulse the attack of an assailant on their

own ground. We could just see the top of some building in the heart of the jungle: we determined to make our way to it, and speedily found ourselves in a perfect labyrinth. Many of the paths which decoyed us were found stopped up at last; intricate passages, threaded with difficulty, led apparently to nothing: without the key to this 'maze' they were only bewildering. At last, after much toil, crossing two ditches, and climbing over palisading, we came upon what we sought—two rude houses standing on a small open space. This had been probably one of the 'thousand and one' robbers' dens with which the country had abounded. Nothing but charred remains and bare walls were there to repay our trouble. I saw, too, this day the only white ant-hills I had seen in India. They were formed of a number of conical-shaped mounds, apparently of white clay, some rising higher than the others, the highest being about five feet in height, and all now deserted by their former industrious denizens—more industrious, but as great thieves in their way as their neighbours in the jungle.

Passing through the ancient town of Khyrabad—once a most important place, and still famous for its Imam-Barah or great mosque—we arrived at Seetapore on the 26th, and encamped in a large plain. We

found that the foundations for permanent barracks here, capable of accommodating 2,000 men, were already dug. Seetapore had been one of the chief military stations in Oude, and at the time of the outbreak contained four regiments of native troops, who were some of the first to rise and murder the Europeans. Shortly after our arrival I went to view the scene of the massacre—the house of the *then* Commissioner, Mr. Christian. It was situated on an elbow of the river Surcyan, thus having water on two sides of it, and ~~back~~ back towards the native cantonments. It was easy to perceive how unfortunate had been the position of those who fled to the river for safety, and how perilous the escape from it, on being pressed by the ruffians who dwelt in rear. To gain the opposite side of the river was the only chance for the fugitives, but on its banks and in the water they were cruelly butchered. Out of the colony of Europeans only seven or eight, among whom was 'little Sophy Christian,' the only one left out of her family, escaped to tell the tale.

Wandering about the neighbourhood of Seetapore, I have come upon the remains of 'Blar' villages—buildings and wells formed of burnt bricks, neatly put together, and in their structure evincing pretensions to a high state of civilisation in the people who

created them. The sites of these settlements must have extended over large spaces of ground, as heaps of fine burnt bricks and the remains of foundations testify. Though I spent some time in my investigations, I could, however, discover nothing more than what is described by Sir W. Sleeman, with regard to the singular race who dwelt in this part of the country, and whom he supposes to have been 'extirpated by Mahommedan conquerors in the early part of the fourteenth century.'\*

The day of our arrival at Seetapore I was chatting with two brother officers in my tent, when the Colonel entered, bringing the agreeable intelligence that the 'leaves' were out. He added that officers would have to state very urgent reasons for wishing to go home, and left us debating whether those we could severally give were not unanswerable. One of us wanted to look after a property, another to get married, and a third had 'important business' to settle in Italy—which at the moment was commencing her life struggle for liberty and unity. Were these not 'urgent reasons' enough? We thought so, but perhaps experienced a slight sensation of relief and

\*Sleeman's 'Journey through Oude,' vol. ii. p. 246.

heightened hope when the Colonel again came in and told us that he had the power, with other commanding officers, of recommending officers for leave, without the necessity of each one forwarding to headquarters his particular 'reason,' provided only that the efficiency of the regiment was not affected. On his kindly saying that he was ready to forward our applications, our hopes rose to excitement, and we all three asked for eighteen months' leave.

And now began the fidgetty time of uncertainty which the unavoidable delay, before the leave of absence could possibly arrive, occasioned. In a case like this, how thoroughly unsettled one gets! As long as the preparations for departure are going on it is all very well, but one is almost sure to begin 'making ready' too soon, and then it is quite impossible to occupy one's time regularly with anything. I have filled my portmanteau; I have handed over the charge of the 'book club' to, I hope, a more worthy hand than mine; I have dismissed my tribe of servants, all save one; the tent is strewn with odds and ends, floor, chairs, tables, all covered with odd lumber; the chink of rupees being paid away or received is heard continually, and all interest in what is taking place among those around one is lost. In fact, I could start to-night with the greatest ease,

and yet another week must elapse before I can really be off!

Meanwhile, one of those terrific storms, of which I had seen so many during the last two years, came to thunder out its 'farewell' or 'bon voyage' to us. We first noticed a little black band of cloud coming up against the wind on the horizon; then a little flickering lightning, which gradually increased, and when night set in it illumined the camp by brilliant blinding flashes. The cloud burst over our heads while we were at dinner, and heavy gusts of wind threatened to carry away the tent altogether. Then there was heavy clattering on the tent-roof: it was only hail, but such hail! On one of the hailstones being brought in it proved to be nearly as broad as a penny piece, and, like it, flattened on two sides. Torrents of rain succeeded the hail, and in a very short time the whole camp was some inches under water. This storm seemed to be the herald of the hot weather which soon after set in, and we were not sorry to think that we should probably be far away before we were again broiled by an India summer sun.

At last, on March 10th, while we were at luncheon, the commanding officer came and told us we had received our 'leaves,' which were to date from



the time of leaving the regiment, instead of, as in the old time, on the day of embarkation. So neither W—— nor myself being of the kind to let the grass grow under our feet, delayed not a moment, but ordered a *clāk* to be laid on for the morrow for Lucknow. Still, glad as we were to leave India, and to have so near a prospect of home, it could not be without much regret that we finally shook hands with those who had been our companions 'through hard times and smooth' for some years. We were leaving them to the heat and toil of the day, often to wish, in their turn, for the lingering 'leave.' Among them there was such a large proportion of 'really good fellows,' some of whom, indeed, we were never to see in this world again.

But, after our last mess dinner, we got into our palanquins—our servants having preceded us with our baggage on camels—and were raised and borne away by four men each, while others carried torches to light us on our road. All night we travelled thus, through village, tope, and jungle, hearing and noticing nothing, save the rustling of the leaves, or the occasional bay of a dog as we approached the village, where a fresh set of bearers was to be procured. Nine men were allowed to each palanquin—four carrying it first, while four others ran by its side

ready to take the burden from their companions, and the ninth bore in front a flaming torch. A fresh set of bearers were taken every ten miles, and then there was a noisy greeting, a general demand for 'bacsheesh,' satisfied by a handsome gift of the value of sixpence among them; the palkee was lifted up again, and we passed on. After going some fifty miles, we reached Lucknow the following morning.

We found a great change in the place since we had been there last, nine months before. The small, dirty, low houses which had previously blocked up the streets, and filled up all the spaces between the fine buildings, had been swept away; the rubbish and dirt which had strewn and disfigured the city had vanished, and broad well-paved roads supplied the place of narrow lanes.

Beautiful palaces and mosques, with their thin tall pinnacles and golden domes, now appeared to advantage, only they were covered by countless marks of the late fray—for hardly a wall could be seen which had not been pierced by cannon shot or pitted with rifle bullets. Lucknow will become, in all probability, a finer city than ever; and to guard all this, so that it shall not again fall into the possession of the enemies of peace and civilisation, fortifications have been erected all but impregnable. The Govern-

ment, in this, have well taken a leaf out of the French Emperor's book with Paris, who, while he embellishes, does not forget to secure.

We found out, and had breakfast with, two old friends — Palmer, of 'Hodson's Horse,' and Fraser, who had served as an engineer at Alumbagh. We looked in upon Wolseley, then on the Chief's staff; he gave me, as a memento, a fine tulwar, which he had picked up after an engagement he had been in; had a parting dinner with him, and two others of 'ours,' who were then on the sick-list at Lucknow, and afterwards started for Cawnpore.

We had engaged for places with the North Western Dâk Company to go down country, and were each to have a 'garry.' The carriage was so arranged inside, that a capital bed could be made in it. Except as we passed through Alumbagh, when I cast 'a last long lingering look' at the old place, and when we changed horses, we managed to sleep. At two in the morning we came to the Ganges, and crossed over the bridge of boats. We saw nothing of Cawnpore, for the 'iron horse' had, since last we visited the place, come to astonish the natives. The railway being some way from the town, we drove straight through to a small 'family hotel' (another new feature) in its neighbourhood. This inn was kept,

if his story be true, by a man who had been an indigo planter, and who had lost his all in the mutiny—the experience, I believe, of hundreds of people. After breakfast, about nine o'clock, we went to the railway. I wondered what my servant thought of it. He had come, when I engaged him, from the North of Oude, and, till he came to me, had never seen anything grander than a rude cart drawn by a pair of oxen.

It was a pleasant change to us, skimming over the uninteresting mud-villaged and mango-topped country at twenty miles an hour. Close to each station might be seen large piles of wood, which supplied the place of coal; and the porters and policemen, contrasts to the liveried officials on our railways, were natives, clothed in white, the only distinction between them and others consisting in their turbans being yellow.

On reaching Allahabad, the extensive plans for making this place a station of the first class could not pass unnoticed. Ruined houses were being cleared away; what promised to become fine buildings were already rising above the level of the ground; and broad straight roads had just been planted with young trees. There we found that, by consenting to take one carriage between us, there was an opportunity of our being able to start at once; and, as by

waiving our claims to having two 'garrys,' we were told we should oblige one of the fair sex, we could not hesitate for a moment; so off we set once more. There was little to see on the road beyond what has been previously described of the country. The greatest change to us consisted, instead of marching up at a snail's pace in a bullock-wagon, in rattling along in a carriage, night and day, at the rate of between six and nine miles an hour. We saw nothing of Benares; we crossed the Ganges, and, indeed, all the other rivers, by bridges of boats. We toiled up the Danwa Pass, but were rewarded and delighted, after so long a sojourn in the plains, by the magnificent prospect, while we were invigorated by the freshness of the mountain air.

Some way farther on we came to that part of the Santhal country where I had before seen the tiger; this time we passed it without adventure, with the exception, that while in the same neighbourhood I was awoke at midnight by an exclamation from my companion, 'I thought it would be so,' I felt a sort of rocking motion, followed by rather a heavy blow on my head. The carriage had overturned, and we were quietly lodged in a ditch! On raising our heads we discovered our servants—one lying full length on the ground, declaring that his back was broken, and

the other, that his leg was dislocated, — in fact, that they were both half-killed. However, we managed to convince them that they were not so bad as all that, and, providentially indeed, no one was much hurt. The accident was solely owing to the coachman's careless driving; the carriage was replaced on the road, and we continued our journey.

At last on Saturday morning, March 19, after little more than six days' travelling, and having come about 720 miles, we found ourselves rattling over the stones in the eastern city of palaces, and the gas-lamps at the corners of the streets bore witness to the pleasant fact that we were once more in a civilised place.

Resting a few days in Calcutta, my short stay there was made most agreeable, thanks to many hospitable friends, one of whom insisted on my leaving the hotel to make his house my home as long as I should remain in the city. It is useless here to describe the magnificence of the capital, or to mention the various 'lions' which I was taken to see; but one thing so attracted my notice that I cannot pass it over in silence: it was the conduct and bearing of 'Young Bengal,' as the rich and fashionable native youth are called, as I had many an opportunity of observing it in our cool evening drives on the 'strand' and elsewhere. These young men had, indeed, taken in a

large amount of European learning, but apparently turned it to no good account. What they had gained from civilisation was only its exterior polish, which they used to gild their Asiatic vices. Surrounding themselves by European luxuries, yet retaining their native dress, they paraded about in their carriages, and often in public, by their looks and manners, put our fair Anglians to the blush. Was not this conduct a reflection—a very faint one, perhaps—of the coarser scenes depicted on the palace walls of Lucknow and on those of other native dwellings? Or reverse this observation, and say whether such *tendencies* as these in a race uncurbed by anything higher than the external refinement necessary among a European community, would not, when added to fanaticism, burst forth into such barbarities as have been touched upon in the foregoing sketches? Let us hope that the severe lessons which these eastern "Sahibs" have received at the hands of incensed husbands and brothers will have some good effect.

My friend and I found it impossible to return home 'overland,' as, the war being over, there was a perfect rush to the west, and every place had been taken long before for six weeks to come. We determined, therefore, to go round by the Cape, thinking it better to be on the open sea, inhaling

fresh breezes, rather than to linger on in Calcutta in the every-day increasing heat.

Accordingly, taking our passages in the first vessel that was to sail, which proved to be the 'good ship Hougomont,' on March 26 — having dropped down the river the previous day—with little regret we watched the land of India fade from our sight.

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